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K  
Mr Bramhall  
with the author's sincere regards.  
June 24. 1829.

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THE  
PLEASURES OF SIGHT:

A POEM:

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BY JOHN HOLLAND.

---

"Straight toward heaven my wondering eyes I turn'd,  
And/gazed awhile the ample sky——  
——about me round I saw

Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,  
And liquid lapse of murmuring streams; by these  
Creatures that lived, and moved, and walk'd and flew;  
Birds on the branches warbling; all things smiled;  
With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd."

MILTON.

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## PREFACE.

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THE following rhapsody professes to illustrate the gratifications of Sight,—that illustrious sense, which connects the intelligent mind with the visible creation. It is through the attributes of this excellent power, conferred alike upon man and most of the inferior animals, that the beauty of the universe is apprehended ; and light, colour, form, magnitude, and motion, are respectively made to minister delight and satisfaction to the beholder.

The Eye, which is the material organ of this rare and excursive faculty, contributes no less by its beauty to the proper perfection of the human countenance, than by its use it ministers to the operations of the soul. Its hues, its movements, and its extraordinary effects, have ever been the admiration of philosophers, the attraction of lovers, and the theme of poets. While, however, with the anatomist, we regard with curiosity and wonder the mechanical structure of the eye ; and with the painter, applaud its ineffable charm in the “ human face divine,” there is still a higher point of contemplation, which is not only compatible with the views and feelings of a Christian, but which leads him to adore the wonderful munificence and goodness of his Maker, in bestowing such a boon upon man, and especially in surrounding him with such and so many fitting objects for its exercise. Regarding the excellent faculty of vision as thus given for the purpose of recognizing the goodness, the omnipresence, and the glory of God, as these perfections are manifested

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in that portion of his dominions with which we are acquainted ; I have, in the ensuing poem, attempted, with whatever success, to recal to the reader's mind, some of the more striking exhibitions of visible phenomena, more especially as they exist within the range of ordinary observation.

Having pursued the subject with great pleasure to my own mind, and having some knowledge of the train of thought sought to be pursued by cultivated minds generally, as well as some experience in poetical composition, I am not altogether without expectation, that I shall find readers among the pious and the amiable : more than this, I have hardly the presumption to hope. To those who may take exception at the arrangement or selection of my illustrations, I can only reply in the words of Dr. Johnson, when speaking of Thomson's Seasons, " Of many appearances subsisting at once, no rule can be given why one shall be mentioned before another."

It may be necessary to say one word in allusion to the vehicle which I have adopted for the exhibition of my sentiments. Some might have preferred regularly rhymed decasyllabic couplets ; and others a structure of versification more perfectly approaching the Miltonic standard. To either of these critical preferences, I have merely to oppose the remark,—that whether the following poem shall be applauded as a specimen of legitimate blank verse, or be denounced as a mere tissue of rhythmical prose, I shall be equally satisfied, provided the reader rises from, or returns to the perusal of the work, with an increased appreciation of the Pleasures of Sight.

J. H. .

Sheffield Park, July, 1829.

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THE  
PLEASURES OF SIGHT.

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I.

I SING the pleasures exquisite of sight !  
The sources, the occasions, and the means,  
Whence, and whereby the well-instructed eye  
Draws bliss from visible beauty unalloy'd ;  
Bliss, simple, while defined by things themselves,  
Their shape and colour, motion, magnitude :  
Or bliss compounded, when things manifold  
Hold through the eye connection with the mind,  
Or by association touch the heart.  
—What wondrous scope for fancy in a theme  
Which opens thus creation's glorious field !  
How shall I venture such an enterprise ;  
How execute aright the bold design !

## II.

O Thou ! whose hand, omnipotent, outstretch'd  
Creation's wide expanse, the fair domains  
Of visual exploration ; who hast made  
All things to minister delight to man,  
Nor least the wondrous light—as wondrous too  
The faculty of vision, which affects  
Light, its life elemental—O ! do Thou,  
Who madest the eye, so purge it of all films,—  
So quicken, consecrate, direct its powers,  
That, evermore beholding, as it ought,  
Thee, in all objects seen—so it may lead  
Thy wonders to the soul,—the soul to Thee !

## III.

Oh, what a glorious and transcendent gift,  
Is this excursive faculty ! how high,  
How wide, how all but limitless its scope :  
How equal in its powers to comprehend  
The mighty or minute ; to scan with ease  
The subtilest point, which art can subdivide ;  
Or track the course, and circumscribe the bulk  
Of worlds immense, intangible, remote !

I never ope mine eyes, but I behold  
Some sterling picture, or some pleasing shape,  
In which, however faint, I recognize  
The master-touches of the Hand divine :  
Nor do I e'er behold God's glorious works,

Or simply seen, or as allied with thought,  
Without a grateful feeling for the taste,  
Which He who hath created them and me,  
Endow'd withal his noblest creature—man.

Born, where the Sheaf and Don unite their streams,  
Near that old town, far-famed Brigantium's pride—  
Sheffield—for arts and industry renown'd ;  
My eyes first opening there beheld the light :  
My very cradle, was 'a scene outspread  
Of panoramic splendour ; summits blue,  
Defined the fair perspective to the west ;  
East, on the horizon, Laughton's lofty spire  
Attracts the eye—or farther still, like a dim speck,  
Seen in the flush of morn, proud Lincoln minster ;  
The wooded hill of Beauchief to the south ;  
While northward, in luxuriant charms runs out  
The vale of Don, by shaggy Wharncliffe bound,  
The far-famed region of the dragon's den.  
—O charming spot of my nativity !  
Where all things, from my first remember'd glance,  
Conspiring, tended to pervade my soul  
With landscape-beauty, and poetic dreams.

True, there are mountains by Jehovah's hand  
Piled more sublimely high than yonder hills ;  
And there are woods and forests nobler far  
Than yon sweet amplitude of scatter'd trees,  
Or yonder scatter'd clumps : and there are vales,  
Of more capacious sweep than those I see ;

And in their bosoms, lakes surpassing much  
Those neighbouring dams ; and there are rivers too,  
More deep, more wide, and more magnificent,  
Rolling their ampler volumes to the sea :  
But say, thou travell'd artist—say, my friend—  
Where is the spot afar, or where at home,  
In earth's wide circuit, or in Britain's isle,  
That in sweet combinations doth surpass  
This chaste and charming landscape ? Oh, I feel  
These scenes inspiring to my partial pen !  
—So when the limner, with a filial heart,  
Paints a dear mother's portrait, love may yield  
Unwitting, undesign'd, some better line,  
Some graces to the contour—yea, some tints,  
Which the cold critic judgment scarce may hope  
In the beloved original to find.

## IV.

God, who made man in his own image, made  
His Senses all—and made them very good ;  
And still, though warp'd from purity by sin,  
Though turn'd to feculent lusts and uses vile,  
Still are the senses, in their fallen estate—  
(Fallen as fallen man !) by providence allow'd,  
As first design'd, to minister delight ;  
To hold communion with all sensible being,  
And, as the hands and organs of the mind,  
To cull ideas from each physical source.

—Not vast alike their faculties and scope,  
But various ; the most gross, the most confined,  
And thence extending towards the limitless :  
A wondrous graduation this, design'd  
By the wise ordinance of all-perfect skill,  
By the strong impulse of Almighty power,  
Strictly to guard each more voluptuous sense,  
And give to the most pure more ample range.

## V.

Though o'er the body curiously diffused,—  
The sense of Feeling is the most confined,  
And the least various in its attributes :  
Yet—so hath Heaven design'd—this tactile skill,  
So exquisitely sensible and prompt,  
Doth minister untold delights to man,  
From the frank pressure of a friendly hand,  
Which, like a touch electric, thrills the heart,  
To that ineffable contact, undefined,  
Which seals the precious mystery of a kiss ;  
—Such kiss, as parents give to babes new-born,  
Such kiss, as lovers first and latest know,  
Such kiss, as all who meet and part may pay,  
Such kiss, as presses the cold cheek of death.

## VI.

Taste, in its healthy and most perfect states,  
Was not ordain'd of God to be despised,



Much less to be abused ; for its delight,  
Munificent in love—He bade inhere  
In all things that are fit and good for food,  
Their various flavours, simple or compound :  
Each different herb—cull'd, eaten where it grew ;  
Each curious essence drawn with ardent skill ;  
The sodden flesh of animal new slain ;  
The savoury meat—such as old Isaac loved ;  
And every fruit that grows on every soil,  
From northern regions, where the ruddy rasp'  
Slow ripens on the verge of peopled space ;  
To temperate climes where grows the luscious grape,  
Whose juice makes glad the fainting heart of man ;  
Onward, to where the equinoctial sun  
Feeds the spice groves ; the precious sugar cane ;  
Bread-fruit and palm—where tropic suns concoct  
Anana's pulp of vegetable gold.

## VII.

The sense of Smelling hath perceptive powers  
Beyond or touch or taste : borne by the breeze,  
Fragrant and volatile, the breath of flowers  
Floats in the atmosphere for many a mile,  
Where citron groves, or trees thuriferous,  
Ceaseless exhale their aromatic souls.  
They who have traversed Asia's sun-nursed fields,  
Gum-bearing Araby, or either Ind,  
Can tell what odours there incessant rise.

Nor need we travel to the farthest East,  
Where nature's rich perfumery supplies  
Nard, balsams, attar of most potent scent—  
Our British spring breathes twenty thousand sweets.  
How sweet the fragrance of a cowslipp'd mead ;  
How sweet the orchard blossoms of our isle ;  
The luscious bean-plot and the wild thyme bank ;  
How sweet our woodbine and our eglantine ;  
How passing sweet our new-mown hayfields smell !

## VIII.

But far beyond the most diffusive spread  
Of exquisite aroma, whether breathed  
From oriental fields, or Arab shrubs,  
Or British flowers,—the wondrous power of sound,  
To greet the sense of hearing, doth prevail.  
Language, and music, and all living sounds,  
And sounds inanimate are hearing's food.  
O what a curious organ is the ear !  
More curious far, and nicelier far convolved,  
Than the most deep-wrought and voluminous shell,  
Which ocean-diver from its depths brings up,  
Or ocean's heaving surge throws on the beach.  
In its rare grotto, like an audience hall  
To thought's superior temple, knowledge waits  
To meet and entertain each oral guest ;  
To judge all simple sounds and harmonies,  
The music of the pipe, or drum, or string ;

The richest measures of delicious song ;  
The winds that hold their dialogue with the trees ;  
The colloquy of waters, from the rill  
Like silver tinkling to old ocean's roar ;  
Yea, from more nice, to more sublime extremes—  
From ticking death-watch, ominously heard  
In midnight stillness near the listening ear,  
To the loud cannon joyously discharged,  
Or louder thunder bellowing through the clouds.  
All these impress, and thousands more unsung,  
The auricular sense with measureless delight.

## IX.

But neither feeling, with the tactile thrill  
Of beauty's virgin kiss ; nor taste, though fed  
With nectar and Ambrosia ; nor the smell  
With incense-clouds caress'd ; nor yet the ear,  
Capacious with tuned powers, or richly fill'd  
With the full heaven of dulcet harmonies,  
Can minister such vast and various joy,  
As pure, superior, all-discursive sight.  
—And, as the best and most illustrious sense,  
So is it lodged with exquisitest care ;  
With wonder and with beauty signalized.  
Splendid its hues, ineffable it shines  
O'er the sweet human countenance, like a sun  
That makes the day of beauty in the face—  
That microcosmic heaven—the face of man !

## X.

There is a world of wonders in the eye !  
As if reflected in its chamber, shone  
The universe of matter and of mind.  
There happy thoughts, like angels' rendezvous ;  
There, scowl the evil demons of the soul,  
As good or evil, happiness or wrath,  
Hold, or usurp the empire of the brain.  
The soul discourses eloquent knowledge there,  
Which, with a glance instinct, all comprehend ;  
And there, like learning at his college lamp,  
Beneath sublimely arch'd and tranquil brows,  
The spirit of deep thought untroubled sits.  
There, too, as if the eye had seen, and caught  
In the third heaven unutterable bliss,  
Devotion kindles with celestial rays :  
There hope, and joy, and dread, and enterprise,  
And fear, and frankness, and deceit hang out  
The banners of their proper attributes.  
There, like the Athenian Cynic in his tub,  
Misanthropy looks round with stoic leer ;  
There envy scowls, like tiger in his den ;  
There lynx-like mischief keenly peers about ;  
There anger flashes wild, and bloodshot rage  
Deforms and desolates the beauteous scene.  
There love, in liquid sweetness swims or sleeps,  
Or shoots at will delicious dangers thence ;  
Who that e'er loved, but oft turn'd eye to eye,

And with most tender looks reciprocal,  
Told truths that language wanted power to tell.  
The fountain of our tears is in the eye;  
And sympathy's blest agent keeps it there,  
She breaks the seal and bids its sluices flow—  
The Saviour wept—and when the heart is full,  
O 'tis a precious privilege to weep.  
There doth imagination seat itself  
As in a sphere instinct with vital motion,  
To read creation's ample page sublime,  
With thoughts and feelings not of common force :  
So have confess'd the mightiest sons of song;  
So felt the bard of Avon, who described  
“ The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling.”  
Instinctive, as the apple of the eye  
Shrinks from the probe, or delicatest touch,  
So from the oculist's strict nomenclature  
The virgin muses, startled, turn aside :  
Their aid withdrawn, how shall the poet's pen  
Aspire with lancet keenness to dissect  
That complicated organ, or display,  
For pious praise, and admiration meet  
Its curious parts distinct ? The attempt be mine.

In that fair eye—that miracle of matter,  
First may be noted, the white tunic stretch'd  
O'er all the outer surface, and on which,  
Well lubricated, slide the supple lids :  
Next comes a horny tegument, convex—

Opacous, save at its anterior edge,  
Which spreads a segment of translucent film.  
Beneath this corneous sphericle imposed,  
The beauteous iris spreads its various hues,  
Red, black, grey, hazel, brown, or heavenly blue,  
Where, strange to tell (if fame may be believed)  
The delicate vein-tints have traced ominous words !  
The centre of this iridescent maze,  
Is perforated to receive the light,  
Forming a pupil, which, in curious wise,  
Contracts, or else dilates, as shrinks, or spreads  
Its delicate plexus of deep colour'd nerves :  
Hence, when the light intense falls on the eye,  
From the circumference towards the centre drawn,  
The tender fibres purse the pupil up,  
And with nice art contract the visual tube :  
The light obscured, or lost, dilation then  
Of the round pupil instantly ensues.  
Beneath a vascular tunic, next outspread  
The retina lies—a membrane richly wrought,  
Of texture exquisitely sensitive,  
And to the optic nerve most nicely join'd.  
The various humours fill the eye within ;  
The watery, crystalline, and vitreous named.  
The full and watery spheroid foremost lies,  
And in it floats the precious crystalline,  
Refracting as they pass the rays of light ;  
The vitreous, gelatine, transparent, next

Fills up the concave of the visual globe.  
These humours, jointly with the corneous lens,  
So catch, refract, converge the rays of light,  
That in the image-chamber of the eye,  
All objects seen are to a focus brought,  
With nervous subtilty arranged, impress'd,  
And secretly transmitted to the mind.  
—Thus the anatomist, with scalpel keen,  
Displays the intricate machine of sight ;  
While he who polishes the optic glass,  
Or simply, or for achromatic powers,  
Hints for his marvellous science hence derives.  
Hail to his memory, who, in happy hour,  
Discover'd first sight's artificial aid,  
And lengthen'd and increased the joys of life !  
—Immortal JANSEN ! if to thee belong  
The honour of this claim—to thee I pay  
The willing tribute of this casual verse ;  
Would it were worthier of thy worthy name,  
Or of the boon thou hast conferr'd on man !  
Kings shall be chronicled in history's scroll,  
Because, forsooth, their sires have left them thrones ;  
And warriors shall be praised for deeds of blood ;  
Poets, philosophers, divines shall live  
In sculptured marble and engraven brass ;  
But thou, though shrouded in obscurity,  
Though not a stone, perchance, point out thy grave,  
Deservest the praise, and thine shall be the thanks  
Of grateful generations yet unborn.

## XI.

Alas, for those who bear the bitter loss—  
The bitterest loss, save loss of mental powers,  
Or loss of God's blest favour, man can know—  
The loss of sight ! Whether in childhood lost  
By that fell pest, which long destroy'd, uncheck'd,  
Like beauty's canker-worm, the budding rose  
Of loveliness amongst our British fair :  
Or if by puncture, or contusion burst,  
The orb lenticular ; or by the sun,  
Smote into darkness by day's fiery light ;  
Or when Ophthalmia, like a fiery demon,  
Sheds horrible contagion o'er the eye :  
Or when a cataract o'er the crystalline,  
In morbid rheum, its hot defluxion pours,  
And with a drop, opacous or serene,  
Of strange consistency and various hues,  
Quenches, or much impairs the visual orb :  
—Such drop concrete, the pearly blindness placed  
On Milton's tender eye—that eye which saw  
E'en in its darkness more, than ever burst  
Till then, on human vision, uninspired.

## XII.

Nor Gallileo's praise be here forgot ;  
Who by an art less useful—more sublime,  
Turn'd heavenward the vast telescopic tube,  
Teaching the eye, which heretofore had scann'd



Stars, but as stars ; the moon, but as the moon ;  
And the bright sun, but as a globe of fire  
Rolling, with unimaginable speed,  
Around this earth, deem'd central, fix'd, and plain.  
In the bright tract of his august career,  
What mighty men have gloriously advanced,  
Traversed sublimely heaven's sidereal space,  
And reach'd from earth, earth's loftiest reward.

Newton ! 'twere impious to omit thy name—  
A name, which true philosophy and song,  
Throughout the world, delight to honour, more  
Than any yet to knowledge consecrate.  
'Twas thine not only with surpassing skill  
To sound the depths profound of outward space,  
And measure the revolving orbs of heaven ;  
But with adventrous eye, and reverent thought,  
To dive into the secrets of the sun,  
And with chromatic wisdom, bold as keen,  
To analyse a particle of light.

### XIII.

Light ! Oh, how lovely, how sublime art thou !  
The purest creature of the Almighty's hand,  
Which human eyes behold ! Thou art the sea,  
In which all visible perfection floats !  
The first created beauty of the world !  
The medium, showing every beauty else,  
Of colour, form, or motion. Pure as vast,

Nice chymic art, nor achromatic test,  
In thy bright garment e'er detected stain.  
Nor more could sight, by ardent science led,  
E'er reach the shores of thine immense domain,  
Through unexplored immensity stretch'd out,—  
Perchance outspread to infinite extent  
From this dark ball up to the throne of God?  
O glorious Light! how welcome to the eye!  
How cheering to the earth! without thy smile,  
All nature's face one pallid hue would wear,  
All living things would droop, despair, and die:  
And this fair frame of being back return  
To that chaotic state in which it lay,  
Ere shone the sun, or with creative voice,  
God said—"Let there be light!"—And light there was.

All colours that affect the visual sense,  
From lucid rays as primary proceed;  
And each from each, as in pure light commix'd,  
May be dissever'd by a crystal wedge.  
As least refrangible, the ruby first  
Shines out intense in the prismatic grade;  
The jacinth next, of richest orange hue;  
The yellow topaz; and the emerald green;  
The purple amethyst; and last of all,  
As most refrangible, the violet soft.  
—These various hues, the offspring of the sun!  
In seven concentric segments form the bow—  
The bow magnificent, that arches heaven,

And rests upon the earth ; that in the cloud,  
Even from the deluge to the present day,  
Hath oft appeared, and ever shall appear  
The symbol of God's mercy, and the sign  
That howsoe'er the vapoury stores collect,  
Their waters ne'er again shall drown the world.

Is there a human eye that drinks the day,  
To colours all insensible and lost ?  
That sees no beauty in the bright blue sky ;  
No loveliness in the green vernal earth ;  
No charms in beauty's rose—in gems, nor flowers—  
No touch of mystery in their countless tints ?  
Yea such there are—the men of sordid souls,  
Whom genius never touch'd, nor taste inspired ;  
Nor would the charities of social life  
Resign a dungeon's gloom with them to dwell.

Form, though a palpable presence of—is still  
A creature of the element of light ;  
A thing that offers converse to the eye,  
And definition of all actual bulk.  
By shape alone, whatever we regard  
As beauty's line, through every mazy change,  
With infinite delight the mind proceeds.  
Nor merely man to perfect stature wrought ;  
Nor beasts, birds, streams, mountains, fields, or trees ;  
Nor sculptor's art, nor limner's, only please—  
But simplest lines and curves, transposed and join'd,  
Attract, and fix the mind with wondrous charms,

As, if in the solution of their laws,  
Or midst their combinations manifold,  
The secret of man's happiness lay hid.

Motion is pleasing to the eye, and hence  
Doth evolution give to perfect shapes  
More rare attractions: even the landscape wins,  
However lovely in its sweet repose,  
New interest, when a wreath of silvery smoke  
Curls gently upward from the rural cot:  
When the crops move with undulations soft;  
Or the tall trees their graceful banners wave.  
The earth, the sea, the sky—all living things,  
And things inanimate, to motion oft  
In combinations with choice hues and forms,  
Their charm'd phenomena most richly owe.

So once philosophy, with curious skill,  
Essay'd to join two arts most exquisite,  
Sweet music (wedded long to poesy)  
With painting, child of genius, younger born;  
And from their luminous harmonicon  
By visual chords to draw resplendent tunes,  
Or ravish sight with pictures multiplied.  
—So have we seen a boy intensely pleased—  
Yea even the grave philosopher himself—  
To turn, and turn, and turn that well known tube  
Whose mirror'd angles, artfully inclined,  
Draw curious patterns, infinite in shape,  
Changed, multiplied, as quick as the eye twinkles:

Or like some thoughts that drop into the mind,  
Brilliant a moment—in a moment lost—  
By art or labour ne'er to be restored.  
—The skies, are Nature's great kaleidoscope,  
With rarest colours, forms, and motions fill'd :  
Changed oft, but still incessantly sublime,  
As changed by Him whose wisdom knows no bounds  
Immortal beauty's glorious archetype !  
Intent, on yon celestial hemisphere,  
Man for five thousand years hath ceaseless gazed,  
But never yet the garniture of clouds  
Has been in tint and outline, twice the same.  
—I love—ah, who doth not ! to expatiate  
On that magnificent affluence of hues  
Which dye the robes of heaven—so rich, so deep,  
That oftimes we might deem the skies were deck'd  
In honour of some holiday, observed  
By cherubim or seraphim below—  
Or had pavillion'd with their gorgeous trains  
The nether space for some archangel's camp.

## XIV.

Lives there a man, in this delightful isle,—  
This England, sovereign mistress of the main,  
Who of her war-ships, and her merchant-men,  
Her voyages and conquests oft hath heard,  
Hath heard from Catalani's charm'd lips  
How brave Britannia rules the subject waves—

Yet never saw, nor sigh'd to see the ocean?—  
That mighty volume of the true sublime,  
The wat'ry scroll of God's amazing acts,  
Writ with the records of a thousand ages,  
And read through all contemporaneous years,  
The past, the present, to the end of time?  
To those who love to trace Jehovah's works,  
And mark the motions of Omnipotence:  
—That vast highway, whereon all nations go,  
Forwards, and backwards in their vent'rous vessels,  
To cull the wonders, or export the arts,  
Of every clime beneath the blazing sun:  
—That wondrous theatre of rare exploits;  
On which the fate of nations hath been staked,  
And empires lost and won: Ah! awful scroll,  
That tells what heroes fought, what heroes fell;—  
What tides of human gore have drench'd the decks,  
When drunk ambition, desperately bold,  
Equipp'd, and launch'd those thundering magazines  
Which man's best skill, with man's worst aims combine.

O what a wondrous creature is the sea!  
Heaving profound, with everlasting motion;  
As if, by God's eternal fiat, still,  
As at creation's origin, propell'd,  
The tides and billows, were the pulse and heart,  
Of this diurnal, sublunary planet.

A pleasant thing it is for British eyes,  
To mark the wonders of our glorious Thames;

The skiff, that there, light as a flying fish,  
Performs its tiny voyage o'er the river ;  
The steamer huge, darting with rapid motion  
Like a leviathan along the water :  
And Indiamen, that most like floating castles,  
Depart auspicious to the farthest east,  
Or thence return with orient treasures fraught,  
Aloft, the flag of Britain proudly flying.  
—Nor is it less a cheering sight, to see  
From western Mersey, all in gallant trim,  
The vent'rous barks depart ; with keels well laid,  
And sails spread proudly for Columbia's shore ;  
Or wheresoe'er proud commerce tempts or leads.  
—Nor on old Humber's banks, could poet stand,  
And watch the whaler's start,—without proud thoughts  
Of their adventures in far northern seas,  
With finny monsters, and with polar ice.

They that go down into the sea in ships,  
That do their business in the mighty waters ;  
They see Jehovah's wonders in the deep ;  
There He commandeth and the winds do blow ;  
The dark storm rushes on the flashing wave ;  
The flashing wave mounts up to meet the storm  
Midway descending through the firmament—  
The sea and sky, in dread inosculation,  
Seen hurl'd together for a last embrace  
Before they perish in their agony.  
Meanwhile the vessel buoyant on the billow,

Its timbers, cordage, metal, men, and sails,  
Floats like a touchwood particle, and seems,  
(Could human vision pierce the gloom profound)  
A living miracle, each moment saved  
Omnipotently, from the gulph of death.  
But, lo ! the elemental strife subsides ;  
The ship obeys the helm, that did erewhile  
But reel and stagger like a drunken man ;  
The clouds disperse ; the sun, as if his orb  
In shatter'd fragments had bestrown the deep,  
Shines out ;—the white foam-crested waves  
Stretch in long furrows o'er the chafed expanse,  
And He who sent the storm, now sends a calm.

I do remember well, with what delight,  
Arion's song of shipwreck first entranced  
My wondering ears ; how my heart beat,  
While poor Palæmon's fate and Anna's love  
Unfolded through the poet's tender tale.  
The theme was new to me ; e'en verse was new ;  
For then my inexperienced thought was steep'd  
In an hilarious morning-dream of hope.  
Enthusiast then, with wondering delight,  
I took of England's shores a sad farewell ;  
Embark'd in fancy in that fated ship,  
And pitied from my soul one youth it bore :  
I sail'd with rapture amidst classic scenes ;  
Mix'd with the crew in all their hopes and fears ;  
Look'd on the majesty of the wide sea,



And mark'd its wondrous changes ; climb'd the mast ;  
And saw the dolphin splendidly expire.

—But ah ! the feelings of that hour are past,  
With other youthful raptures—past for ever !  
Yet still, sweet bard, the music of thy verse,  
The pains and pleasures of thy song remain,  
Though I, in Neptune's chariot, never yet  
Rode o'er the furious breakers, or went down  
Into the abysses of the world of waters.

Presumptuous, therefore, my attempt to sing  
The wonders of the ocean and its ships ;  
Since I ne'er ventured on the stormy sea,  
Where nature raves in her sublimest mood ;  
Nor ever sail'd across the vast Pacific,  
Where all-commingling iridescent hues,  
Rich as in mother-pearl, diffusive glow,  
And ocean's sleep seems rife with rainbow dreams.  
—Yet 'tis a glorious sight, from Britain's coast,  
To gaze upon the circumjacent waters,  
Whatever mood or aspect they assume ;  
As when the winds do gently ripple o'er them ;  
Or when the tide is rolling proudly in,  
Roaring obeisance to Britannia's rule ;  
Or when, all crowded with careering vessels,  
The engines of our princely merchandise ;  
Or when the sun illumines first the waves,  
With the full splendour of his orient beams ;  
Or Luna, stooping from her field of stars,

Bathes her bright image in the deep blue waters:  
Or most at noon, when halcyon beauty rests  
On all the wide expanse, seen as suffused  
With liquid lustre from ten thousand gems,  
All melted with the effulgence of the sun,  
And rolling its full tides ineffable  
With glorious light at the spectator's feet.

## XV.

In the phantasmagoria of this world,  
There are some scenes astonishing as rare,  
The strange phenomena of cheated sight ;  
Bright mid-day dreams, pour'd on the open eye,  
To shew how far even Nature, in her sports,  
Approaches Fancy's most fantastic tricks.  
—The sailor, land-sick, tost month after month,  
Betwixt the burning sun and boiling wave,  
Faints to behold the shore ; his fever'd brain  
Whirls till the bland delusion fires his eye ;  
Green fields, and flowery vales, and sylvan mounts,  
And all the fertile loveliness of land,  
Appear ; the vague delirious fiend to chase,  
And fill the soul with tenderest thoughts of home.  
—And oft in southern latitudes, the crews  
Of vessels steering for the vast Pacific,  
With wondrous spectacles are entertain'd :  
In brighter tints than deck the dying dolphin,

The fairy realms form'd by reflection, spread :  
Mountains, and groves, and spires, and turrets rise,  
Sketch'd in all hues with gold and silver sheen.

Nor are these pictures of enchantment, drawn  
By nature's pencil on the sea alone;  
The land hath visual illusions too.  
On the *Flath Innis*—island in the clouds !  
Aërial architecture rears its fanes  
Of parts created by refraction's laws.  
Not merely rocks, and castles, barren heaths,  
Forests, and fields, rivers, and waterfalls,  
Are strangely pictured to the wondering eye ;  
But flocks, and herds, and shepherds, and gay swains,  
Or multitudes, all variously engaged.  
—'Twas Sabbath eve, the cloudless July sun  
Just rose sublime on Huntingdonian hills,  
While from the Ouse the hovering vapours rose  
And round St. Neot's each green height obscured ;  
When suddenly depicted in the mist  
In tints aërial, the adjacent village,\*  
Its old farm-houses, barns, and cottages  
Dispersed—its trees, and various fields,  
At once appear'd ! transfix'd with joy,  
The rapt spectators gazed, until the vision,  
Like a prismatic bubble in the sun,  
Or a bright rainbow on an evening cloud,  
Vanish'd, and left its glow upon the mind.

\* Great Paxton.

And is it sin, intensely thus to gaze  
With reverence, yea with rapture on the scenes  
Which He who made the eye, so bounteously,  
Hath for its solace and instruction spread ?  
Sure they have err'd, who with presumptuous thought  
Have deem'd, that listening to religion's voice,  
Terrestrial beauty was not made for man ;  
Or but for him who has no heritage  
Beyond its bounds—no glorious hope of heaven.  
As if the grape, whose luscious clusters yield  
Earth's choicest beverage, or the rarer fig,  
Grew sole for those, who most abused the gift,  
And not for them who thankful take the cup  
With sober joy, or grateful eat the fruit.  
As if the sun, diffusing light, and heat,  
And life—lord of the firmament ! shone out  
Alone, or chiefly, for those wicked ones,  
Who daily, by bad acts, blaspheme its light ;  
And not for those, who in its richest beams  
By their good works, its maker glorify.  
—Sight is a blessing, given to be enjoy'd ;  
An organ of delight, the more exalted  
When its wide range is sanctified by grace.

## XVI.

What shall I, glorious Light ! to illustrate  
Thy powers—O what shall I select ?  
Where all that meets the view prefers a claim—

Ten thousand times ten thousand objects round,  
All emulously lovely in themselves,  
Each lovelier still to the charm'd poet's eye.

O could a voice celestial, but relate  
What scenes yon sun—Heaven's universal eye—  
Or its nocturnal counterpart, the moon,  
Have witness'd in their empyrean tour !  
O what a tale of marvellous recital  
Would fall on mortal ear ; fit for his muse  
Who erst Imagination's pleasures sang !\*

Or could gigantic genius launch his bark  
Upon the ocean vast of rolling time,  
And through the shadows of six thousand years,  
Back from this hour, even up to the beginning  
Direct his vent'rous and successful prow ;  
That were a voyage daring in its scope,  
And surely with some rare discoveries fraught ;  
For mid the desolations of the world,  
Changes of man, of empires, nature's changes—  
There have been some few scenes, on which the eye  
Had gazed at once with love and happiness :  
On which indeed the eye of God look'd down  
With approbation and divine delight.  
But ah ! should I presumptuous and vain,  
Push the weak shallop of my puny wit  
Into the flood of ages, there to drift  
Onward, and onward towards eternity ;

• Akenside.

Too soon and surely, would it swamp and sink,  
Nor leave, perchance, a vestige where it sail'd.  
Then be it mine, while held in sight of shore,  
To catch brief glimpses of the hills of time.

One sight—the loveliest sight beneath the sun,  
—The youthful sun, unsicken'd with sad scenes—  
Was man in Paradise, and Paradise  
In its primeval charms; the blessed type  
Of earth then fresh from its Creator's hand,  
In bloom and beauty of its birth-day prime.  
And sure that loveliest sight was lovelier still,  
When woman rose, the Queen of Eden's bowers,  
And perfect from the great Creator's hand,  
Man's crown of glory, consort, help-meet, friend  
Then, and thenceforward joyfully became.

And there were other sights in olden times  
Vouchsafed to prophets, priests, and holy men :  
To favour'd Noah, who beheld both worlds  
Sire of the new, survivor of the old,  
Who saw God's covenant-bow first arch the cloud :  
The angel-guests which faithful Abraham saw,  
Who feasted with him under Mamre's oak :  
Isaac's beloved Rebecca, as first seen  
By the good patriarch while he mused at even :  
The mystic ladder, Jacob once beheld,  
Upon whose rounds 'twixt earth and heaven sublime,  
Angels ascending and descending shone,  
While bright o'er all Jehovah's presence beam'd :

The bush, which Moses saw, that burnt with fire,  
And yet was not consumed ! whereout the Lord  
Commission'd him with instant power to lead  
From Egypt's iron bondage Israel's race :

Yea Sinai's mount, thrice awful as it was,  
When thunder, smoke, and fire attested there  
The glorious presence of the Deity :

Nor less sublime, that wondrous apparition,  
Which led the chosen but rebellious tribes  
Through the wide wilderness for forty years ;  
By day, a column of advancing cloud,  
By night a pillar of celestial fire.

—It were a solemn and peculiar joy  
To have gazed on these tremendous spectacles ;  
Or to have seen at Joshua's command,  
The sun stand still at mid-day o'er the heights  
Of Gibeon ; and the moon halt in her course  
O'er Ajalon's fair vale : or rarer far,  
Salem's peculiar glory, her great temple,  
Its marvellous Shekinah ; its high priests :  
As sings the son of Sirach ; to have seen  
The Lord's high priest, were a thrice blessed sight :  
“ How was he honour'd 'midst the wondering people,  
When from the sanctuary forth he came,  
Bright as a morning star amidst a cloud,  
Or as the moon at full ; yea as the sun,  
Upon the temple of the Highest shining !  
And as the glowing rainbow in the clouds ;

As blooming roses in the smiling spring ;  
As lilies by the rivers of pure water ;  
As the thuriferous tree in summer prime ;  
As fire and incense in a precious censer ;  
And as a golden vessel set with gems ;  
Yea, as an olive-tree surcharged with fruit,  
Or cypress towering to the pregnant clouds ;  
When he array'd him in the robe of honour,  
And with perfection of rare glory deck'd ;  
And when he went up to the holy altar,  
He made the garments of his holiness  
Most honourable in the eyes of saints.  
Thus he array'd stood by the altar's hearth,  
Encompass'd with his brethren round about,  
As a tall cedar-tree, in Libanus,  
Stands with young palms surrounded in its pride.  
—So Simon, son of old Onias, stood ;  
So stood the sons of Aaron in their glory,  
When with pure sacerdotal hands they bore  
The offerings and oblations of the Lord."

But favour'd most, their wondering eyes which saw,  
Amid the Gospel's marvellous display,  
Those things, which prophets, kings, and righteous  
men,

Had long'd for ages to behold,—but died,  
Beholding not : what transport to have seen,  
With Bethlehem's shepherds, that refulgent star,  
Which led them to that sacred, lowly spot,



Where lay the Virgin's Son, the babe divine;  
Or, with old Simeon, to have clasp'd the child,  
And with prophetic rapture have exclaim'd,—  
“ Lord, lettest Thou thy servant now in peace  
Depart this life; for now mine eyes have seen  
Thy great salvation !” Or to have beheld  
In the full stature of the man, that form,  
That wondrous human presence, in which dwelt  
The fulness of the Godhead ; to have seen  
There, mingled grace, and majesty divine;  
The miracles his potent will perform'd,—  
The sick to health, the blind to sight restored—  
The lame to walking—yea, the dead to life !  
But how entrancing had it been to gaze  
On that transcendent spectacle, once seen  
Upon the holy mount, when Jesus stood  
Transfigured in his glory, and with him  
Divinely bright stood Moses and Elias !  
—Their eyes are closed, who saw the Son of God ;  
All, all who communed with his earthly presence  
Are gone to their last sleep, and o'er their heads  
The shadows hang of thrice six hundred years.  
Yes, they were highly privileged, who saw  
The Lord of glory in his human form,  
Ere yet ascended to his Father's throne :  
And were they bless'd with less distinguish'd grace,  
Who saw Him as the eye of Stephen saw,  
Standing in dignity at God's right hand ?

Or met his train of glory in their path,  
As Saul of Tarsus met—and knew his Lord ?  
—On, towards Damascus, with a chosen train,  
Arm'd with authority, exceeding mad,  
To clutch, imprison, and devote to death,  
And punishing—compelling to blaspheme,  
In every synagogue, the saints of God,  
The persecutor went ; but, wondrous sight !  
At mid-day, as he madly drove along,  
Wing'd with fell ardour for his impious work,  
A light, above the brightness of the sun,  
From heaven around the slaughter-breather blazed,  
And they who sojourn'd with him to destroy :  
Smote, and confounded by the amazing flash,  
Which from the Saviour's eye transpierced his soul,  
Saul fell, with his companions, to the earth,  
Trembling, and wondering what the vision meant.  
When soon a voice, in Hebrew accents spake,  
And Jesus bade the stricken zealot rise—  
Bade him go preach the things that he had seen ;  
And things more glorious which he should behold  
In the third heaven's unutterable bliss.  
What wonder that he went at such a call ?  
Went forth to preach what once he had despised ;  
Went to the Jews in spite of Jewish rage ;  
Went to the Gentiles scorning Gentile wrath ;  
To Athens, Rome, the islands of the sea ;  
Went, not accounting precious his own life,

Anxious alone his mission to fulfil,  
Through scorn, and strife, and stripes, and perils sore,  
Through shipwreck, bonds, imprisonment, and death.  
—In after ages, or the Church hath lyed,—  
A wondrous spectacle, of like import,  
Shone to convert imperial Constantine ;  
When in the sky, above the setting sun,  
A mighty cross of radiant light appear'd ;  
And round about it, writ with words of fire,  
“ *In this sign conquer,*” met the wondering eye.

## XVII.

Who hath not heard of those prodigious sights,  
The seven famed wonders of the ancient world,  
Which to have seen in their unblemish'd prime,  
Might well have tempted the bold enterprize  
Of making half the circuit of the earth ?  
What are they now ? lit by an arson-brand,  
The Ephesian temple fed the ravening flames :  
The tower and walls of Belus have so perish'd,  
That scarce a brick of Babylon the great,  
Remains to certify the ruin'd site :  
The tomb of Mausolus hath turn'd to dust :  
The Rhodian Colossus is no more ;  
And even that nobler statue, which of old  
At Elia, to the Olympian thunderer stood,  
Hath perished : yea the labyrinth profound  
Of ancient Egypt has been long destroy'd :

One, the sublimest wonder of the seven—  
Ghiza's great pyramid alone remains  
Imperishable; in the wilderness,  
A mighty gnomon, whose historic shadow,  
Though nicely watch'd perchance, threethousand years,  
Hath not, even up to this inquiring hour  
Reveal'd the secret of its strange foundation—  
Or whether of a post-diluvian date;  
Or if, despising earthquake, fire, and water,  
Yea, and stern time—it stand sole monument  
Of what amazed the world before the flood.  
—The land of Egypt is a land of wonders!  
And sure that eye were dead to all attractions,  
That would not see, or seeing, saw unmoved,  
This Memphian miracle of ancient skill—  
The Nile, the lotus'd Nile of reverend story—  
The sphynx—the hieroglyphic'd obelisks—  
The ruin'd catacombs—old Pharoah's palace,  
All, all the wrecks and symbols strown about  
This broken cradle of the infant arts.

The modern world hath wonders of its own,  
If less gigantic, more amazing still:  
But who shall scan them all, or boldly hope  
Even on their graphic portraitures to gaze;  
No optic lens, by curious art applied,  
Though such so sharpen astronomic sight,  
That yonder empyrean blue seems fill'd  
With worlds on worlds, a glittering mass concrete,

Like golden sands upon the hither shore  
Of infinite space—that ocean vast, whose depths  
By human eye, or even by human thought  
Unvoyaged, stretch in their profundity ;—  
—No optic lens, howe'er it be applied,  
Can to one glance, or to successive, show  
All the amazing features of this globe.  
Agrippa's curious glass hath long been broken,  
In which brave Surrey saw fair Geraldine :  
Lost, too, that marvellous, wrought-crystal sphere,  
With immortality's elixir fill'd,  
And buried deep beneath the marble base  
Of old Persepolis—famed Jemsheed's cup,  
Which show'd at once, so Persian bards declare—  
The universe of matter and of mind.

Though 'twere a high and singular devotion,  
A pleasure, yet unclaim'd by mortal sense,  
To traverse once this wide terrestrial space,  
And to behold the various works of God ;  
Rock, ocean, cavern, river, wood, and plain—  
To see as well, the works of mortal hands,  
Towers, temples, palaces, and towns superb ;  
Yet vain the thought, and vainer still the attempt  
To win this vast, this comprehensive gaze.  
And, happy thought ! man sighs not oft for this,  
This universal conquest of all sights ;  
But in his lesser, and peculiar sphere,  
Eccentric, or more regularly moves—

Sails on the sea, or travels far by land;  
Or spends his life triumphantly at home,  
In getting power, or groping after wealth;  
Or, like myself, contentment's happy child,  
Loves well to ramble in the peaceful fields,  
And gather wild-flower pleasures by the way;  
Or in the streets 'tis sometimes joy to mark  
The motley denizens of yon old town  
Pass and re-pass, all variously array'd  
In staple decency,—old England's pride.

## XVIII.

Who praises dress, but praises human shame.  
And panders to the heinousness of guilt;  
Forgetful he, or negligent, or worse,  
Deems not how costume, gaudy or superb,  
Tissues of scarlet, purple, or of gold,  
Though pleasing to the eye are signs of sin,  
Successors to the fig-leaf and the fall.  
Yet health and modesty alike require  
Some raiment to protect and clothe the body;  
And surely He, who clad with coats of skins  
Our great progenitor in Paradise;  
Who gave the sheep his fleece, the flax its fibre,  
Power to the worm to spin its silk cocoon,  
And wrapp'd in wondrous vegetable wool  
Gossypium's seeds; He who inspired man's wit,  
To fabricate from substances most meet,

The supple web of most delightful texture ;  
He surely meant that man should reap and wear,  
And as heaven's boons, acknowledge each good gift.

Man, naked man, the nurseling of the forest,  
In his wild freedom bounding like a pard,  
Is a fine image of unshackled motion,  
And of unshrouded shape—but finer far,  
And shaplier far, to well-instructed eyes,  
And in the sight of all who honour virtue,  
Is the fair human figure, fitly dress'd :  
The modest robes of comeliness and ease,  
Flowing as fancy weens of angel-garments,  
Make woman's loveliest presence lovelier still,  
And give the manliest form a manlier grace :  
Just like the verdure swathing a young rose-bud,  
Or clouds that drape the too-resplendent sun,  
Borrowing of what they beauteously adorn,  
A charm that is with interest e'er repaid.

Say what is beauty—that charm'd thing, whose power  
All ranks, all ages, all mankind confess ?  
Is it proportion of well fashion'd parts,  
In congruous union forming one fair whole ?  
Or is it fitness, or utility,  
Each part's adaption to the end design'd ?  
Or is perfection the presiding charm,  
By which acknowledged beauty is defined ?  
—Proportion is *not* beauty in the flower,  
Nor in the brute, nor in the human race ;

The rose, the lily, and the jessamine,  
Sweet flowers and beautiful, owe not their charms  
To the proportions of stem, petals, leaves.  
How beautiful the swan with arching neck,  
And tail abridged—proportions exquisite !  
But lo, the peacock, with retracted neck,  
And what a cumbrous, gorgeous, van-broad tail !  
The horse is beautiful, the pard, the dog ;  
But differing in their various parts so far,  
That not proportion constitutes their claims.  
Nor fitness, nor utility, compose  
The abstract elements of beauty's charm ;  
Else, then the wallowing swine, whose wedge-like snout  
Is so adapted to turn up the earth,  
And seek the needful sustenance,—might be  
Despite its burly shape, and sunken eyes,  
A beast by cultured taste deem'd beautiful :  
So might the dromedary, desert-born,—  
Hunchback'd, splayfooted, melancholy beast,  
By Arab trader prized, a sacred treasure :  
And the tall ostrich ; stout bird-camel ! deem'd  
The swiftest racer of the wilderness.  
So might the hedgehog, and the porcupine,  
Each bravely bristled in his own defence ;  
Yea, even the monkey, whose long flexile limbs  
Of rarest elasticity and strength,  
Might claim much admiration, even from those  
Who now with one consent loathe his lank presence.



Nor is perfection beauty's general cause ;  
For many things, most perfect in their kind,  
Proportion'd with all symmetry of parts,  
With every fitness absolutely form'd,  
And for utility surpassing thought,  
Are never to the beautiful allied.  
Yea, often hath e'en imperfection's self  
Woo'd us instinctively to court its presence,  
When woman's form most fragile hath appear'd ;  
When weakness, and even sickness lend her charms,  
And with ineffable and secret power  
Stole through the eye to captivate the heart.

Then what is beauty? that delightful thing,  
Which owes not to our reason its sweet influence ;  
Which all confess, but none have e'er defined,  
Save by some general terms, which recognize  
That conquest o'er the senses which is won  
By objects congruous with instinctive taste.

Things vast, and rugged, and obscure, may strike  
The wondering thought with sentiments sublime :  
But objects beautiful are oftenest small,  
Such as the sense at once can comprehend,  
Appropriate, fondle, and unscares enjoy :  
Smoothness, or to the eye or to the touch,  
Mostly ranks next as beauty's attribute.  
Few things are beautiful, that are not smooth :  
In trees and flowers, smooth leaves are beautiful ;  
Smooth verdant slopes, smooth waters we admire

In human forms, or brutal, soft smooth skins ;  
An outline, gently flowing o'er all parts,  
With which the eye glides with delightful ease,  
And unobstructed extacy ; such mazy line,  
Or drawn o'er woman's exquisitest shape,  
Sweet landscape, pleasing beast, bird, fish, or insect,  
Is beauty's favourite contour ; wrought with this,  
Must delicacy, grace, and tenderest hues  
In nice, ineffable, respecting modes  
Combine, ideal beauty to compose.

Some objects, in themselves not beautiful,  
Nor of intrinsic excellence possess'd,—  
Yea mean, to uninitiated eyes,  
Yet seen as hieroglyphics of the heart,  
As letters of affection's alphabet,  
They spell sweet secrets to the mind, with power  
To breed intense unspeakable delight.  
A toy, a trinket, as a keepsake given ;  
A lock of hair, a bracelet, or a ring ;  
The simplest outline of a favourite face,—  
The very autograph of those we love ;  
All, all are precious ! and more bitter tears  
Would flow, at loss of these endear'd memorials,  
Than if a pilfering hand should filch away,  
From some rich casket its most valued gem.

## XX.

It is a pleasant sight to see a child

Engaged in play with all that hearty zeal,  
Which most, perchance, in earliest life have felt,  
However since hath disappointed hope,  
Or crown'd ambition, dull'd them in pursuit  
Of highest objects with unceasing aims.

—There toils and sweats a busy little boy,  
To build a rabbit-hutch; he shews some skill;  
His mother's darling, and his father's hope,  
And destined to an architectural life.  
Who knows but he, Vitruvius-taught, shall rear  
Some edifice, the pride of Albion's isle?

—Another brown and brawny little fellow  
Becomes amphibious, long ere gain'd his teens.  
Bred near the coast, he learns to guide a skiff;  
Delights in squalls, and never feels at home,  
But when afloat upon his favourite sea.  
Perchance in him some future admiral lies,—  
Some proud chastiser of his country's foes;  
Perchance some bold adventurer of the deep,  
Whose skill shall pilot him to isles, where yet  
The name of Britain has not been pronounced.

It was the vernal season, when I stood  
Beside a verdant, daisied, king-cupp'd meadow,  
Where a sweet child was gathering up the flowers,  
With all the eagerness of one who grasps  
Gold, ribbons, stars, and titles,—play things these  
Of elder childhood, in less happy days.  
The little fellow, toiling with delight

To fill his pinafore with vernal spoils,  
Soon spied a butterfly—down went the flowers,  
And instant in the chace, with cap in hand,  
The lovely urchin bounded o'er the field.  
With many a vain attempt he sought to strike  
The fluttering fugitive, whose zigzag flight,  
Led its pursuer far, and farther still:  
Ah ! thus, methought, I've seen an honest man,  
Fast getting wealth by honourable means,  
But lo ! the glittering moth of speculation  
Flew by, and lured him to the unequal chace.  
—I staid to watch my little cherub chaser—  
For truly Hebé's brother had not borne  
Health's banner brightlier on his roseate cheek—  
Tired with his race, he stood to watch the prize,  
The flying gem which he so coveted :  
Soon, on the disk of a broad dandelion,  
The gay papilio rested : now the child,  
With stealthy step, and breath suppress'd, advanced,  
And aim'd a dextrous stroke—but aim'd in vain !  
So have I seen a proud ambitious man  
Fix his stern eye upon some place of power,  
Which he by wiles, and stratagems approach'd,  
But e're his hand could clutch the tenency,  
His aim betray'd him, and his prize took wing.  
—I could not leave the boy and butterfly ;  
For now the chace was eagerly renew'd ;  
And once, just as the youngker made a push,

Plump down he came upon a miry spot,  
While onward still the uncaptured insect flew,  
As if in mockery of its fallen pursuer.  
So have I seen ambition chasing honour,  
(A film inflated with the breath of kings,)  
And o'er all steeps and precipices urging,  
Till he, all eye, forgetful of his feet,  
Hath in the slough of rotten friendship sunk,  
While the distinction he so vainly chased,  
Crown'd in derision some more fortunate fool.  
—Soil'd, and enraged, my little goldilocks,  
Regain'd his feet, and with redoubled zeal  
Resolved the misadventure to avenge;  
Soon on a sunny bank, the butterfly  
Once more alighted—and with better aim,  
The boy impetuous, rush'd upon his prey,  
Too sure the stroke, beneath his cap lay crush'd  
The flutterer ! a moment's laugh, just mark'd  
His triumph, e're he thought—and then he wept,  
To see how thriftless all his pains had been.  
Even so, methought, how often have we seen  
Some man of pleasure, whose intense pursuits  
In quest of wealth, ambition, fame, all crown'd  
With full success at last,—and now, he lays  
His hand on his last hope of happiness :  
Alas ! alas ! 'twas death alone allured  
With vizzor'd face, and richly mantled bones,  
Through all the pleasures, hopes, and joys of life,

His wearied victim, but to cheat him more,  
As crush'd more bitterly his last—last chance !

Men—all men have their paramount pursuits ;  
And objects various as their different tastes  
With fitting pleasures greet the eyes of each ;  
Few have their faculties so far enlarged,  
As to glean happiness in every field  
Of wonder, or of beauty : fewer still  
So destitute, as to find bliss in none.  
And who shall say, 'midst this amazing range,  
What is the fairest, most attractive sight ?  
Were all men question'd, and could all reply,  
Doubtless creation's infinite display  
Would find admirers in the human race,  
And God in all his works be glorified.

Ask ye the veriest dolt who breaks the clod,  
If he sees aught of beautiful in nature ?  
And he—even he rejoices in the light,  
The green and golden glory of his fields,  
His hedge-rows, and his horses, and his hut.  
—Ask ye the lover, in his sight the sun,  
Is mean, the stars, and all earth's pleasant forms,  
Fade in the presence of that single face ;  
The heaven of all things visible to him,  
Whose smile or frown his destiny may fix.  
—Ask ye the parent, Oh ! his eye regards  
As paramount to every scene on earth,  
A sight which parents only can behold—

A sight, unseen in paradise itself,  
Where all was perfect : happy sight ! reserved  
By heavenly mercy, as the richest boon  
Of fallen man in this world's wilderness,  
That miniature resemblance of himself,  
His beings' being—life which, from his life,  
Forms a new link in human nature's chain,  
That miracle of love, a living child !

There, sits a form, who, with unwearied foot,  
From day to day rocks his sweet cradled babe ;  
Hears its soft voice, and feels its springy limbs,  
And kisses it with joy ; but sees it not !  
For he is blind ! Ah ! who can guess his thoughts ;  
He was a lover once, and loved intensely.  
And ere the day light sank to him for ever,  
Saw the dear object of his hopes—his bride ;  
Just saw her, her dear image was the last  
His anxious eye transmitted to his soul,  
And pictured it imperishably there.  
But darkness now, is all the husband's life,  
And to the father day hath never dawn'd ;  
Twilight, nor gleaming star, nor lunar beam,  
Nor ought that can reveal that lovely face,  
One glimpse of which, with worlds, were world's his own,  
Glad he would purchase, and account it cheap.

Ask ye the patriot, what terrestrial sight  
Hath most attractions ? sternly he replies,  
The land of liberty ; the land where man

Finds freedom's altar wide, and firmly built,  
And ceaselessly repair'd and daily deck'd—  
Deck'd by both sexes, and by every age,  
Deck'd with the flowers of Spring each vernal season ;  
With Summer fruit, and with Autumnal grain ;  
And Winter's wreaths of snow : where man is man,  
And neither trembles to a despot's rule,  
Nor lords his empire o'er a cringing slave.  
England ! my home ! my happy home ! thou art  
The nurse of freedom, and the dear resort  
Of all that's high in arts, and arms, and laws—  
Of all that's pure in virtue, love, religion :  
Thy soil hath nourish'd long that sacred tree,  
Transplanted hither from those realms remote,  
Where Greek and Roman patriots spilt their blood,  
And water'd here with richer blood than theirs :  
That tree, beneath whose shade thy children thrive,  
Thrive all ; whose healthy scions have been graff'd  
Upon that vigorous stock, which grows unpruned  
In the new world ; there, shoots luxurious boughs,  
Bearing full grown—but not full-flavour'd fruits,  
By infant empires pluck'd beneath its shadow.

Ask ye the pilgrim, why he bends his steps  
And strains his sight, so anxious to behold  
Some sacred object, o'er all else supreme ?  
Perchance an Hindoo, poor, fanatic, weak,  
He wastes a life, and earns a martyr's praise  
To see the hallowed Ganges ;—or more blest,



Gaze on the idol image and the car  
Of Juggernaut, till with delirious joy,  
Drunk at the sight, beneath the murdering wheels,  
A demon-sacrifice, he bleeds and dies.  
—Perchance a turban'd Islam devotee,  
He seeks the coffin'd shrine of Mahomet ;  
Then even the eye, most dead and lustreless,  
Beams with a glimmer of unhallowed fire  
When the first glance of Mecca's mosque is caught.  
—Nor less imposing on the pilgrim sight  
Strain'd and deluded oft, and dimn'd with tears,  
Hath burst the city of Jerusalem ;  
—Or in her papal grandeur, seven-hill'd Rome ;  
What wonder that the champions of the cross,  
When first they got a glimpse of Zion's hill,  
Rent with one shout of joy the slumbering air,  
As if that glimpse had conquer'd Palestine ;  
What wonder that a subject of the Pope  
Travelling to bow before St. Peter's chair,  
Hears with delight the guide's arousing cry,  
“ Rome ! Rome ! ” and instantly his ravish'd gaze  
Rests on that glorious cross-surmounted dome  
Which o'er the eternal city boldly swells.

Men—all men have their paramount pursuits,  
And objects various as their different tastes  
With fitting pleasure greet the eyes of each.  
—The soldier loves, o'er every sight besides,  
The dreadful “ pomp and circumstance of war.”

The marshall'd field of military files ;  
The floating banners and the glittering arms ;  
Yea, the dread rush and motion horrible  
When thousands meet with thousands in the fight,  
And death, and danger, and distress are seen  
Acting their several parts at God's command.

The sportsman loves a well attended field,  
To him no earthly sight is comparable  
With eager hounds, well mounted squires, and wide,  
And rich the various country round outspread :  
And truly, to a sturdy yeoman's eye,  
Who lives on horseback, and who loves to leap,  
The assembled flower and wealth of half a shire,  
Gay, and hilarious as old England's laugh,  
And gen'rous as the country's healthy breeze,  
May fitly stir his spirit into extacy.  
—But mine is not an eye to find delight  
In scenes of blood—I hate the swordsman's craft ;  
Nor can I feel even with the hunter's group,  
Though picturesquely animate and gay,  
One thrill of sympathy,—I hate the chace.

## XXI.

Yet I have joys, as exquisite as theirs  
Who track the district through with hound and horn ;  
Joys, if less boisterous, sure less guilty too.  
They fly with speed the lovely landscape o'er ;  
The landscape hath no loveliness for them :

They pierce the blooming covert in their quest,  
The blooming covert blooms in vain for them :  
Then will I leave the sportsman to his cups,  
Talking of Autumn's and of Winter's game ;  
And seek awhile on this sweet Summer's eve  
Those rural pleasures which regale mine eye.

O what a glorious harvest-field of thought  
Is a rich Summer's evening. 'Tis the time  
When friendship's golden grain, if fully ripe,  
Should aye be reap'd and bundled up, and housed.  
Evening is friendship's friend ; it hath a charm  
To tranquillize, to sweeten, and draw out  
That converse mutual and reciprocal,  
Which passing from the lip into the ear,  
Doth make true hearts in friendship truer still.  
O Summer evening ! thou art dear to me  
As ever thou hast been. A boy, I loved  
To ramble and to mark thy various vest,  
As gorgeous when in sunset beauty dipp'd,  
Or in that grey sobriety of shade  
Which twilight gives : or when 'twas spread  
With here and there a star. I loved in youth,  
Thee, O sweet Summer evening ! golden dreams  
Oft haunted me—but neither gold,  
Nor gems, nor ought else precious deem'd of wealth,  
Had ever power to tempt me from thy charms.  
And now in manhood, though the flying years  
Have borne my youth away, still have they left

Me all the exquisite delights of youth,  
Yea left me much of boyhood's young romance  
In loving thee—O Summer evening sweet !

Nature, with all this beautiful array  
Of tufted trees, and flower-enamell'd meads,  
And iridescent clouds; and song of birds,  
Of breeze and babbling brook; all these,  
And all besides, things numberless, were made  
To charm and solace man, who would be charm'd  
And solaced by them : but, alas ! how oft  
Perverted, and depraved, and sensualized ;  
Man doth forego this banquet of the fields,  
Led to prefer the tainted atmosphere  
Where noisy chums with vile potations drown  
The simple taste for rural happiness.  
O rather than the goblet's richest draught,  
Than even the quintessence of wit, refined  
From wine upon the lees—O give me still  
The privilege to ramble out at eve  
And seek such pleasures as delight me most.

The vale of Beauchief is a pleasant vale ;  
And interjacent miles of varied scenery  
From smoke-veil'd Sheffield to that abbey'd valley,  
Repay the Summer wanderer for his walk.  
—Reader,—hast thou e'er pass'd by *Heeley Mill*,  
Along its cool dam side, and onward sped  
By the deep bottom of the *Smithy-wood* ?  
Yea, surely so, if thou hast ever heard

The artist's faithful praise ; or sojourn'd here,  
A visitor ; if, to delight thine eye,  
Sweet walk, or lovely prospect may avail,  
Or sound can charm thine ear.—Then thou wouldst  
mark,  
Beside the path, that runs embower'd along  
The margin of the wood.—a little WELL,  
Transparent, and unrippled by its spring,  
The water shines within its circular brink :  
The redbreast and the blackbird slake them here ;  
Winter and Summer, and throughout the year  
The damp green moss, doth fringe the margin stone.  
Here smiling Spring, too, scatters earliest flowers,  
And infant brakens push their curling sprouts  
Through the rank herbage that adorns the bank.  
But from the wood, when Autumn winds prevail,  
The sere leaves thickly fall about the place  
And half fill up its cavity.—Rivers,  
And woods, and mountains have been named, and oft  
Thenceforth, have been immortalized in song.  
Know then, kind reader, on a poet's word,  
That this is "ANNA'S WELL:" nor let the name  
Displease thy fancy, nor offend thine ear,  
As by my sole arbitrament imposed ;  
Nor think that rites and ceremonial fit  
Were here neglected when that name was given.  
The lovely fair, in voluntary act  
Laved her white palms, and kiss'd the crystal water,

And challenged it to flow as her memorial :  
The water, as in token of assent,  
Enshrined her image in its bosom bright :  
And when the woods were question'd of their will,  
—" Say, shall this well be ANNA's ?" to my words  
Echo, as sponsor, thrice responded, " ANNA's !"  
This rite perform'd; and wild-flowers duly sprinkled,  
On me devolves the deed to attest, and make  
This registry. Now, whosoe'er thou art,  
Henceforth that wanderest along this wood bottom,  
Pause at this spot : proclaim it Anna's well :  
And for such courtesy, O ! may'st thou reap  
Fruition of all just and loyal hopes,  
Befitting thine estate. If thou art wed,  
I now invoke that wreaths of happiness  
May be thy household bonds. If thou art young,  
A lover in the confidence of hope,  
Proclaim these words ; so may thy suit be blest.  
And I would fain, that here each rambling girl  
Should pause awhile ; and the birdnesting boy  
Forego his search,—and to their jovial fellows  
Point out this spot, and as they pass it, say,  
" There's ANNA'S WELL." So sings my errant muse.

The fields have carpetted their paths for me,  
And dress'd themselves in green ; the hedge-rows thick,  
Are with a dainty whiteness blossom'd o'er  
To gratify my senses : every ditch,  
Profuse of flowers or herbage, welcomes me,

And with the muse botanic, woo's to learn  
That elegant science which Linnæus taught;  
Or catch the spirit of old Gerard's praise,  
In rapturous converse with the floral tribes.

Pierce we the woodland depths, so thick embower'd,  
That scarce the setting sun's rays entrance find  
Through the wove canopy to kiss the ground.  
Trees of all ages, and all shapes combine,  
With boles upright, or curved, and heads immense,  
To beautify the sylvan rendezvous;  
Of humbler stature, the green underwood,  
And lowlier still the shrubs of menial growth,  
Display their best attractions as we pass.  
Millions of roses, thick as new fallen flakes,  
And white as those, are spread o'er every bush;  
The blossom'd brambles, and the ivy there,  
Joint claimants of the bank's support, both climb,  
And both adorn the mossy precipice;  
Whilst the strong bracken, and the elegant fern,  
Like oaks and ashes of a mimic forest,  
Crowd every knoll, and shade the creeping flowers.

And what of them?—Oh! I would rather thrid  
The mazy paths of such a wilderness  
Of trees, and shrubs, and plants, and lowly flowers,  
Than sit at ease in the most splendid room,  
Which art and taste united could adorn.  
A Summer's evening spent in such a scene,  
Where every sight and sound is harmony,

Doth leave a tranquil pleasure on the mind,  
Like that which springeth from sweet poesy;  
Yea, these indeed, are charms surpassing song,  
To those who love to read the simple page  
Of that fair book, which ever open lies  
Intelligibly writ to every one,  
Save they, whose sordid souls perceive not ought  
Delightful, but what's selfish or impure.

Yet think not, ye who relish not such joys,  
That I am heartless, cold, unsocial, dumb;  
An alien from all human sympathies,  
And dead to joys which stir the world to life.  
No: I've a heart that beats to feeling true;  
I call my friends to witness in its cause;  
And I've a bosom that is warm for those,  
Whom I have chosen out of the vast crowd  
Of false or fickle mortals: I am not  
Alone amidst my fellows,—lost to love.  
For, though uncrown'd with that supernal bliss,  
Which happy wedlock brings, yet I have known,  
And every day do taste in friendship's draughts,  
By true religion mix'd,—delights as pure  
As heaven to man on earth in general gives.  
I am not dumb in these my rambling hours,  
Nor solitary; no, I love to give  
An utterance to my pleasures, fain to fix  
The interpretation of each charming scene;  
And oft, perchance, in prose or rhyme commend,



Enforce, illustrate, or display, what else  
Had been unnoticed, slighted, undefined.  
But most I love (evening ! such bliss is thine ;)  
To hear some sweet companion of my walk  
Recite the poet's song, or aptly quote  
What memory from her treasured store supplies,  
To give new beauty to each scene, and add  
Its utmost emphasis to each remark.

Ye mighty masters of the British lyre,  
Who have immortalized your names in song ;  
Whose gifted eyes were instant to perceive ;  
Whose pens pourtray'd, with truth ineffable,  
The pleasures (all but infinite) of sight :  
I owe you much. For I through life have held  
High converse with your spirits in your works,  
And at this rapturous moment, proudly feel  
That I am not an outcast from those hopes,  
Which stirr'd and stimulated to sweet themes,  
The illustrious singers of my country's quire.

What bard that ever won the ear of taste,  
Or that was loved and listen'd to untiring,  
But was well pleased with objects beautiful,  
And thence derived his richest archetypes ;  
Thence drew the fascination of his song ?  
Chaucer doth sport with green and sunny forms ;  
And Spencer decks in gorgeous masquerade,  
The scenes and actors in his fairy tale.  
Shakspeare at once hath ransack'd art and nature,

And clothed his mighty muse with spoils of each :  
While he, the bard of Paradise, who soar'd  
“ Beyond this visible diurnal sphere,”  
Hath fill'd each page of his immortal song  
With pictures worthy an archangel's eye.  
Nor be forgot, in this brief catalogue,  
The northern minstrel, who of Edwin sang ;  
Nor he of Auburn ; nor the Seasons' bard ;  
Nor, firmer in his love of rural scenes,  
And richer in the virtues of his song,  
Cowper ; nor even Imagination's bard,  
Whose classic muse hath exquisitely taught  
To glean reflection in each field of sight.

## XXII.

'Tis not in magnitude, shape, colour, motion ;  
Green fields, blue skies, fair buildings, flowing rivers ;  
Nor e'en in things magnificent or strange,—  
Etna, Balbec, Niagara, the Andes,—  
That the delighted eye alone seeks pleasure ;  
Else, were brute matter vainly idolized,  
Without one ray of rational delight.  
There have been moments of ecstatic bliss,—  
Moments, in which a single glance of sight  
Has compensated for whole years of toil,  
And seal'd for aye successful enterprise :  
Such was the moment, when adventurous Bruce  
Beheld the secret fountain of the Nile ;

Such, too, when Park the Niger's course descried ;  
And such, when Cook first saw the Georgian isles :  
But how transcendently endear'd that hour—  
Life's proudest hour ! when first Columbus saw  
Faint as a speck, o'er ocean's face afar,  
The long-sought presage of that western world,  
Which, like a strong but occult operation,  
Had led his daring spirit o'er the deep !  
That hour became an era in his life ;  
That speck a glorious vision realised !  
Such sight, such hour, even from the birth of time,  
This world had ne'er exhibited to man ;  
Nor e'er again to man shall it exhibit  
Aught so triumphant :—even should British prow  
Pierce through the Arctic ices to the Pole,  
And find outspread a land of wonders there.  
—There have been moments of ecstatic bliss,  
When science hath achieved some rare emprise,  
Long sigh'd for, sought for, seen, secured at last ;  
Or haply, like some unexpected mine  
By chance discover'd in a barren soil ;  
As when confined, steam, with elastic power,  
Divulged its mighty secret to the world,  
And with amazement fill'd mechanic minds ;  
Or crucible, tormented in the fire,  
Confess'd that gaseous spirit of the coal,  
Whose burning flame now emulates the stars ;  
Or when sublimely through etheréal space,

By chymic art inflated, first arose  
The silken sphere and its intrepid tenant ;  
Enthusiast minds should our indulgence claim,  
Since, whether by experiment or chance,  
Discoveries rare, innumerable, have  
In every age, won, in some favour'd hour,  
The applause and gratitude of after times ;  
So when of old, sage Archimedes caught  
That hydrostatic secret long conceal'd ;  
With frantic joy he leapt from out the bath  
And naked ran into old Syracuse,  
Shouting "*Eureka !*" through the crowded streets.

## XXIII.

Sights by association pleasure give :  
Reflection, feeling, taste, have power to draw  
From trivial objects, entertainment rare,  
And hold with art and nature visual talk.  
—The eve was sultry, but a generous shower  
Of thunder-rain had fall'n on the green fields,  
And made the gardens smile : the apple bloom  
Breathed a delicious fragrance ; and the leaves,  
That in a single day had clad the beech,  
Were exquisitely delicate and nice  
As the moist wings of new-born butterflies.  
—My friend and I, to breathe the blossom odours,  
Stray'd forth into the garden : pleased we walk'd  
Along the close umbrageous avenue :

Anon, we rested in the summer house;  
And soon descended to the nether plot  
Of cultured garden ground—for here the ground  
Rose in successive platforms richly dight  
With the luxurious beauty of the year.

Here, in a damp, and deep sequester'd nook,  
A thriving willow threw its verdant shoots  
Aspiring straight and high, and spreading round  
Its twigs in light and pleasing amplitude;  
The gorgeous yellow of its April blooms  
Had pass'd away; and now its catkin's hung  
In the succeeding colours of dark green.

“This willow hath an history”—said my friend,  
And is itself an history to our hearts,  
And the green living monument of one  
Who lives on earth no longer—ye might know  
TERESA?”—“Yes, I knew her well; at least,  
She well knew me; for when a very child,  
How often has she clasp'd me in her arms,  
And called me by all tender names; and bless'd,  
And fondled me, as I had been her brother.

A curious crucifix of polish'd jet  
Lay mostly on her bosom,—emblem this  
Of her unceasing faith: my fingers then,  
Too harmless to be charged with sacrilege,  
Play'd with the sacred toy, while she well pleased,  
Allow'd the juvenile freedom unrebuked.”

My friend resumed,—“You need not be inform'd

That in accordance with an ancient practice,  
The ritual of the Roman Church prescribes  
That on the Sabbath morn preceding Easter,  
The priest distribute consecrated twigs  
Of the rath-flowering sallow, to remind  
His audience of that high important day,  
When Christ the eternal King of Salem, rode  
Triumphant into David's city, while  
The people spread their garments in the way,  
And children strew'd palm-branches in his path,  
Shouting Hosannah ! to King David's son."

"Yes," I replied, "I know that ceremony,  
Nor find I aught to blame in rite so simple,  
Which, gathering wreaths from nature, scatters them  
In adoration of redeeming grace:  
And why should I who love the Christmas holly,  
Chide those who gather too the festal palm?"  
—"Such charity becomes you," said my friend;  
"But, to be brief,—TERESA from the priest  
Received, as wont, the consecrated spray,  
And, as a sprightly fancy whisper'd her,  
Instead of keeping it, with curious care,  
In chest, or reliquary, or scrutoire,  
She planted it beside a little well,  
Which then upbubbled here. The sacred slip  
Shot root and grew; and, tended by her hand,  
Became a thing of sweet companionship,  
Through many days and years of happiness.

But while she watch'd its growth, and saw how glad  
It drank the sun, and drew the moisture up,  
And emblem'd forth herself,—her heart revolved  
Deep and unutterable thoughts of heaven,  
And how she might escape the snares of earth.  
She communed oft in spirit with those saints,  
Those high devoted women, who forsook  
The world and all its charms, to live alone  
In close seclusion, barr'd and veil'd from pleasure,—  
And she became a nun.”—“ I little thought,”  
Replying to my friend, “ I little thought,  
That she, one of the blithest of her sex,  
Would ever seek the convent's dreary gloom ;  
That her aspiring spirit would stoop down  
To voluntary exile ; and that she,  
The skylark girl of merriment and fun,  
Should e'er be caged within a claustral grate.”  
“ But so it was,” rejoin'd my friend, “ and she,  
Won by Saint Benedict's severest rule,  
Vow'd, and received the veil. Austere La Trappe  
Closed on the virgin victim its dread gates,  
And there, in penitence and prime of life,  
She died, was buried, and her grave is—*where* ?  
This thriving tree, once planted by her hand,  
Survives, the green memorial of her name ;  
And long its silver leaves and golden catkins  
Shall tell of her, the spirit of this place.”  
—I slipp'd a branch, and parting from my friend,

Went musing on my solitary way,  
Well pleased that chance, or kindlier circumstance,  
Had led me thus to view TERESA's tree.

## XXIV.

In the gay morning of our charm'd existence,  
When every sense is tender, young, and chaste,  
When novelty and freshness give a gloss  
To all the objects which surround our path :  
And earth, in vivid beauty, seems new-born  
For us, who are ourselves new-born on earth ;  
All our sensations, boundlessly indulged,  
The taste untaught, the judgment immature ;  
Fancy uncurb'd, affection undeceived ;  
And hope as boundless as unchecked desire :  
Then, how supreme the pleasures of the sight,  
How charming and how wondrous all things seem'd,  
And all perfection ! who that e'er look'd back  
On all the objects that entranced his youth,  
And found them the least like what once they seem'd ;  
But felt his ripen'd knowledge ne'er could yield  
Joy so unmix'd, as did those pageant weeds  
Of fancy, feeling, thought, by boyhood cull'd—  
Cull'd in the morning, cast away at night.

We grow fastidious with the growth of years :  
What pleased the youth, no pleasure gives the man,  
Each sense chastised, the judgment now mature,  
The enthusiast's heart obeys the critics eye.



The cottage which all beauty seem'd at first—  
The very palace of our native glen,  
Becomes unsightly, disproportion'd, base,  
Compared with structures classically built.  
The village-girl, whose rose-bud countenance,  
Blue eye, and opulence of golden tresses,  
Made her the Venus of our childish thoughts,  
Is now forgotten for those lovelier forms,  
That flit like angels through our after life.  
The verdant hill, which once we deem'd a mountain,  
And on whose side, through many a Summer's day,  
We climb'd and roll'd with our blythe-eyed companions,  
Is now regarded as a trifling slope.  
The stream, where oft we launch'd the tiny barge,  
Forgotten glides : the village, and the church,  
Are wonderful no more in our esteem.

## XXV.

The gay illusions of our tender years,  
Remember'd, but as we remember dreams,  
And talk'd of even as such—too soon depart ;  
The manly mind, stern, vigorous, and intense,  
Turns to the contemplation of those works,  
By which gigantic genius, and the power  
Of human labour, have rear'd monuments  
Of noble enterprise, and wondrous art.  
—The mole, the arch, the column, the canal,

The palace in perfection, long admired,  
The sacred fane but yesterday completed ;  
Nor yet with touch of smoke or verdure stain'd,  
Have charms to catch the scientific eye,  
And chain with thought the unimpassion'd mind.  
But not alone the ocean-breasting mole,  
The arch immense, o'erstriding vale or river,  
The lofty column, or the long canal,  
The palace in perfection, long admired,  
Or sacred temple all untinged by time,  
Have power to fascinate the curious eye,  
And hold oracular converse with the soul.  
The ruin'd fabric hath a deeper voice,  
The voice of centuries silently proclaim'd ;  
And who ever mark'd at solemn eventide,  
Some pile o'ergrown with dank, deep, shadowy verdure,  
Most like a bride bereaved from other times,  
Now mourning her long widowhood of ages ;  
The frowning castle, dark in its decay ;  
The residence of kings usurp'd by serpents ;  
The venerable abbey's ivied arch ;  
But heard that voice of centuries in his heart ?

Pride of the North, lo ! how sublimely towers  
O'er EBOR's ancient city, that fair Minster,  
Which hath for full thrice thirty lustrums spread  
Its fretted glory to the astonish'd eye :  
A monument of that unwearied zeal,  
Which plann'd and rear'd those fanes in ancient times,

That still survive, the wonder of our own.  
—How awful is the presence of this pile,  
On which successive prelates, and rich peers,  
Have largely lavish'd labour, time, and wealth ;  
How boldly here, hath architectural skill  
Aspired with daring confidence to snatch  
Transcendent trophies from the gothic style ;  
How firm and tall the cluster'd columns stand ;  
How proudly do the pointed arches stride ;  
The fretted ceiling how sublimely hung,  
What canopies and tabernacles richly wrought ;  
And wreaths of sculpture every where display'd  
In wood or stone, so exquisitely light,  
That thought grows dizzy while the eye surveys.  
—Such *was* the far-famed minster,—till, alas !  
A madman,—for his sacrilegious deed  
High heaven obtesting,—fired, with fiendish joy,  
The choir superb : soon the fierce element  
In horrid conflagration wrapp'd the pile,  
And, thrice appalling sight ! the ravening flames  
Devour'd the pride of ages in a day.  
—Yet is the pile, even now, from out its ashes,  
Rising to emulate its ancient glory :—  
Long may it stand, to show through future years,  
The power and splendour of that mitred church,  
Whose fame and dignity hath fill'd the world  
With wonder, or with envy, or with love :  
Whose bosom long hath cherish'd Britain's kings,

And shed its glories round the British throne.  
How changed the scene, since on the sacred spot,  
Where now this proud cathedral greets the sun,  
A little wooden oratory stood,  
A humble fane, beneath whose wattled roof,  
Northumbria's monarch—pious Edwin knelt,  
When o'er his head devout Paulinus pour'd  
The consecrated flood, and, with the king,  
Baptized his sons and nobles on the spot.

At Godmundham, (so chronicles relate,)  
A pagan temple rose in Saxon times :  
And thither oft, Northumbria's monarch sped,  
Conducted by his friend, the old high priest,  
To worship idol gods of wood and stone—  
And chief, a massy statue, there that stood,  
The far-famed Woden, with his frightful visage.  
—Long had the bold apostle of the North,  
Paulinus, preach'd against these heathen rites ;  
And oft had Edwin felt the force of truth ;—  
That though his god had hands, he handled not ;  
Had eyes and ears, yet neither saw nor heard ;  
And was all impotent to give success  
In peace or battle to his devotees.  
All this the preacher told, the king believed ;  
And now resolved to serve the Christians' God,  
Who made the world, the sun, the moon, the stars ;  
Who gave the people life, gave day and night ;  
And rain from heaven, and food, and fruitful seasons ;

And, more than all, gave Jesus Christ the Lord,  
( Whose picture and whose crucifix he saw,)  
To live and die for him and all mankind.  
—The royal convert with his priest conferr'd—  
At once they ran to the chief idol temple—  
Instant, the priest rush'd furiously within,  
And with a spear old Woden's image pierced :  
Quick at the stroke the senseless log came down,  
And with its idol Paganism fell.

Lo where, but just without the legal bound  
Of *Sherwood's* ancient forest, once far famed  
For archer outlaws, deer, and glorious trees,  
In ample splendour *WORKSOP's* minster-towers  
Rose over that proud Augustinian abbey  
Whose wild and mouldering ruins yet remain.  
—When Britain's Saxon line to Norman arms  
Yielded the throne and kingdom, pious lords  
This sacred site devoted—pious hands  
Dug out the wide foundation : while, long time  
Founders, and their descendents, liberal still  
With large munificence for aye endow'd,  
(So deem'd they) this fair church and monastery,  
Within the shadow of those castle walls  
Rear'd by the Lovetots and first Furnivals.  
Here dwelt their priests ; hence the rich patron drew  
Religion, such as error and rude times  
Conserved for faithful or false devotees ;  
And hither, when they rarely died at home,

Or fell, more oft, in martial strife afar,  
Were brought their bodies for interment, where  
High funeral obsequy, gifts, requiem, mass,  
Were duly had ; and where, in fitting style  
Tombs, effigies, inscriptions, told their fate.

What time the torch of Europe's burning zeal,  
Lit by the preaching Eremite,—moved all—  
Kings, potentates, and princes, warrior saints,  
To wage for Christ's sake, anti-Christian wars :  
To paint the cross on their victorious banners ;  
To anoint themselves, their swords, their cause unholy,  
With sacred chrism ;—then, then the pride and flower  
Of all-concurring Christendom, repair'd  
To meet the infidel on Asia's shore ;  
Throw down his altars of idolatry,  
And win from him the sepulchre of Christ,  
Or perish gloriously where Christ had died.

Some thirty years ere the third Henry closed  
His long and troublous reign o'er this fair realm,  
Did England hear sad news from Palestine,—  
How that in battle many British knights  
The infidel had slain ; that there had fall'n  
Sir Thomas, call'd "the brave De Furnival !"  
And that his brother, fighting at his side,  
Interr'd the corse, and haply yet might live  
To greet their widow'd mother, thus bereaved,  
With bitter tidings how the brethren fought.  
—And so it came to pass : time and fair tide

Brought home Sir Gerard from the holy land.  
His sword undull'd with slaughter, and his heart  
Still bearing unrevenged his brother's death.  
But love bespoke of war a breathing time,  
And sent him home to wed a baron's daughter.

To Worksop castle, where his mother Maud,  
Kept state, such as became De Lovetot's heiress,  
Sir Gerard sped. Soon her maternal arms  
Embraced the steel-clad warrior, who return'd,  
With filial ardour, the sad salutation.

But when she listen'd to his tales of war,  
And heard how impious unbelievers still  
Retain'd Christ's sepulchre, and drench'd the soil  
Of holy Nazareth with the Christian's blood ;  
And how her eldest-born, a mangled corse,  
Fell by their hands, and now lay buried where  
Their desecrating feet trod down his grave,—  
Her feelings could no longer be controll'd,  
And bursts of anguish in succession broke,  
And passionate entreaties, which in vain  
Sir Gerard's filial love essay'd to soothe.

She wept not that her eldest born had gone  
On that mad enterprise, for she had borne  
And suckled him for chivalrous exploits ;  
Yea, in his babyhood, she taught the boy  
To gaze with rapture on a red-cross banner ;  
To hate the turban, scimitar, and crescent ;  
To curse the Saracen. Arms were his toys ;

His very nursery-tales King Richard's wars.  
She wept not that her son had fought and fall'n  
'Midst the false prophet's votaries, nor that he  
Breathed his last prayer amidst their impious taunts;  
For this his sire (who fought near Acre's walls,  
With England's Lion-Heart, but died in peace  
A pilgrim, at Jerusalem) oft foretold.  
—But oh! she wept,—'twas madness to her soul,  
To think that he, a champion of the cross,  
Baptized, and by the blessed Eucharist preserved,  
Till he had enterprised his holy deeds,  
That he should fill a hated Moslem grave,  
Who nobly fought, and gloriously expired.

O would Sir Gerard, for his mother's love,  
But once again embark for Palestine!  
And from the infidel's polluting power,  
Ransom with wealth, or with his sword redeem,  
His brother's Christian body,—she would then  
Not only on him blessings e'er invoke,  
But for the health of his immortal soul,  
And for the soul's repose of good Sir Thomas,  
With all their antecessors and their heirs,  
She would secure perpetual mass and requiem,  
From Worksop's convent quire: yea, she would found,  
And with all chantry perquisites endow,  
A chapel for our Lady; and would build,  
O'er Gerard's grave, an alabaster tomb,  
The pride and wonder of their priory.



Moved by her eloquent anguish, and resolved  
To disabuse his brother's dear remains  
Of all alleged indignity, once more  
He arm'd himself for foreign enterprise ;  
And having shrived his spirit with the priest,  
And to the Virgin made his liberal vows,  
He dauntless sail'd again to Palestine.  
—Thenceforth, around the Furnival's proud castle,  
As summer evening's long sweet twilight closed :  
And when the winter winds swept old Sherwood,  
While yet their lord, Sir Gerard, staid away,  
Sung the retainers this rude roundelay :—

“ Sir Thomas was a valiant knight,  
And bravely he fought and fell ;  
His grave is made and mark'd afar,  
Where treads the infidel.

“ Sir Gerard is gone to Palestine,  
To fetch his brother's dust ;  
Holy Saint Mary, fill his sail,  
Who puts in thee his trust.

“ His mother keeps her chamber close,  
And nought does she but mourn ;  
Holy Saint Cuthbert, comfort her  
Until our lord return.

“ Sir Gerard, he is a noble knight,  
And high is his warrior pride ;  
And his plumed casque, and his coat of mail,  
And his good sword are tried.

“ Heaven speed him safe to Palestine ;  
Heaven bring him back in peace ;  
That our good lady, Furnival,  
May her sad mourning cease.”

It was the season when the flowers sprung forth,  
And verdure clothed the earth, and leaves the trees—  
When Spring was far advanced : the forest wide,  
With heath, and gorse, and yellow blossoming broom  
Smiled cheerful : sapling then the Greendale oak  
So famed and mighty since, was budding out,  
Beneath its parent tree in Welbeck Park.  
Through Worksop's meadows, under old Bracebridge  
The little Royton merrily ran on :  
And where it wash'd the Abbey's northern wall,  
Sallows and sycamores, and bankside flowers,  
Were mirror'd in its bosom ; while the sun  
Bright on the white-wall'd monastery reposed,  
And shone on Worksop castle. All seem'd glad—  
All, save the inmates of that feudal pile,  
Whose rightful lord had been untimely slain,  
Yea, whose remains, even now were homeward borne  
With pomp and retinue across the forest.  
Three days had pass'd, since, safe on Britain's shore,

The pilgrim warrior landed with his treasure,  
And kiss'd the ground, to think, now earth with earth,  
His brother's ashes with his native soil  
Would mingle, and his mother's prayer be answer'd.  
Towards the fourth nightfall, the procession came  
Within the park, and winding slowly on,  
Soon reach'd those wooden crosses,—Lovetot lords  
To mark and ratify their convent gifts,  
With their own hands had planted,—and where rose  
In after-times, for other purposes  
The yet surviving shaft, and steps of stone.  
Here, had assembled, from all quarters brought,  
And of all classes a promiscuous throng :  
Clerks, and religious men, and men of arms ;  
Tired pedlar-priests with masses by the score ;  
Serf, vassal, and retainer : yea young thanes,  
Women and mendicants, composed the crowd.

First in the funeral train, a file of priests,—  
Abbots and priors, and inferior names,  
As heads of houses, or their delegates,  
With crozier's, crosses, reliquaries walk'd.  
—Walter de Leyrton, Worksop's holy prior,  
In cassock black, and rochet snowy white,  
And sable cloak, and hood, and corner'd cap ;  
The old cistercian Abbot of La Roche ;  
And Welbeck's proud premonstratension lord ;  
With Beauchief's grave superior—were there.  
A splendid bier sustain'd the plain rude chest

Which held the relics of the good Sir Thomas.  
(A simple coffer, fashion'd in the hour  
When brave Sir Gerard, with his good broad sword,  
Boldly exhumed his brother's mouldering corse.)  
A sable pall was thrown profusely o'er,  
Escutcheon'd with the arms of Furnival :  
Six sanguine martlets on a silver field,  
A vermeil bend divides.

The cavalcade

Soon pass'd the gatehouse wicket, and arrived  
At the great Saxon door; an hundred lights  
Illumed the ample church, and as the train  
Advanced along the aisle, an hundred voices  
By rigol, psaltery, flutes accompanied,  
In requiem rose, and challenged the response.  
Priests, and antiphonars, alternate raised  
The solemn funeral chaunt. The bearers now,  
Before the fair high altar placed the corse;  
Which did the priest all reverently uncover,  
Now sprinkling on it consecrated water,  
And touching it with unguents, then proclaim'd  
The spirit consecrate, absolved and holy.  
Meanwhile, the fuming thuribule he swung,  
And odours of burnt incense fill'd the church.  
—Full many press'd to gaze upon the limbs  
Of him, whose deeds had been their wondering theme :  
Some strove to gain a superstitious touch,  
And some were fain to kiss the dear remains !

It was, indeed, a sight to lecture pride,  
With death's own image of mortality.  
The large thigh bones, placed cruciform, were seen :  
And o'er the ribs, the sinewless forearms,  
Cross'd at the wrists, were laid ; the skull was bare,  
Save that of Palestine's thrice holy earth,  
Much precious adhered. Thus, thus he lay,  
Name, skeleton, and dust—the fall'n crusader !

Now while the last antiphony is sung,  
With careful zeal, into the grave they lower  
The collocated bones : a ponderous coffin,  
(Such latter times have often seen exhumed,  
And vilely treated in this burial spot,)  
Out of one block of solid limestone wrought,  
Received the rich deposit : firmly down,  
O'er all, a ponderous slab was then cemented.

When paid the rites—mass and procession done,  
Thurification,—threnody surceased,—  
In prompt prostration, all the people fell  
Down on the sacred floor : and then the priest,  
With solemn benediction and spread hands,  
Blest the decumbent multitude aloud,  
And warn'd them to their homes : yet, ere they went,  
The mourner-mother, who meanwhile had placed  
On the high altar gifts, and tithes of lands,  
And convent charters, amplified and seal'd,—  
Now bade vast largess to the common crowd,  
And to the mendicant abundant alms,

And to the travelling chaunters gold for trentals,  
And to the priest and young noblesse best thanks  
Be duly paid.

Ere long, in after years,  
The little chapel, to our Lady vow'd,  
In most elaborate Gothic beauty rose :  
Ere long, the sumptuous tomb adorn'd the grave  
Of the brave knight,—such tomb as heretofore  
Few eyes had seen. A sculptured portraiture  
Of the arm'd warrior lay imposed thereon,  
Accoutred as he fought in Palestine.  
The legs and arms were cross'd ; the baudric bore  
The same strong falchion, wherewithal he smote  
The Saracen, still rusted with his blood ;  
And on his head his own steel helmet shone,  
Now chased with precious stones, amidst which blazed,  
Supreme, a noble carbuncle. Long stood  
This tomb, the theme of ancient gossip story :  
Its fame the convent chronicler hath sung,—  
The grave historian written : now, alas !  
All but the memory brief, hath pass'd away  
Of this memorial.

Yet, amidst fair scenes,  
To contemplation's eye, or curious taste,  
Or art attractive, Worksop church remains—  
Huge pillars, Norman arches, proud twin towers ;  
Our Lady's chapel, exquisitely ruin'd !  
Monastic walls, fair gatehouse, fairer porch,—

All, all attest that past and perish'd grandeur,  
Which, with the mighty name of FURNIVAL,  
Hath record found in history, legend, song.

Thus doth the eye, gazing intent and long,  
On mouldering vestiges of ancient times,  
(Imagination borrowing history's light,)  
Read in their present state their fortunes past;  
And in the transit of an hour call up,  
In visionary pageant, by-gone ages.  
—Thus, while I stood by Worksop's ruin'd abbey,  
The harvest-moon her soft light streaming down  
On the dim ivied gable,—fancy drew  
The pompous funeral of the great crusader.

## XXVII.

Art loves the line, the plummet, and the square,  
Hence, while harsh forms, nice, angular, and sharp,  
Please most the critic,—the fond poet's eye  
Sees nought in nature like the hard design.  
A ruin hath soft beauties all its own:  
Here, sternest lines are melted by decay,  
And demolition, with pictorial touch,  
Breaks down the rigid angles of fine art,  
Till, with the free and flowing strokes of nature,  
They mix and harmonize in one sweet whole;  
One rich, and valuable outline, where the sight,  
Uninterrupted, and enchanted glides.  
Black, bold, and dignified, even in decay,—

Like those initial characters engross'd  
On legal scrolls—our country's castles stand :  
No longer tenanted by barons bold ;  
Nor frowning vengeful o'er adjacent lands ;  
But, mouldering down in venerable ruin,  
They stand, like witnesses retain'd by time,  
To testify of those renown'd achievements,  
Those deeds of hospitality or blood ;  
Of burial, bridal, tournament, or sport,  
Which erst our hardy ancestors engaged ;  
Which poesy, or history's page records.  
—They stand, bequeath'd by every former age,  
For contrast or comparison with ours ;  
They stand to mock the littleness of pride,  
The half eternal monuments of those,  
Whom children, while they trace the fissured walls,  
Evoke as tyrants, or as lords despise.  
And sure the cistus, on the prostrate tower,  
Bright yellow blossoming ; the dungeon well  
Feather'd with elegant ferns ; the postern door,  
Choak'd with gnarl'd ivy,—form a contrast strong,  
With what the eye had once encounter'd there.

Alcæus, (proudly name I thus my friend,)  
Travelling delighted by old Conway's flood ;  
And through the region wild of Penmanmaur,  
Where mountains tower'd till their æriel heights  
Resembled clouds at distance : and where clouds,  
So dense and lowering, like grey mountains seem'd.



Ere yet he scaled gigantic Snowdon's peak,  
He staid to gaze on that brave castle, raised  
When the first Edward Britain's sceptre sway'd,  
The source of "Cambria's curse, and Cambria's tears."  
Here, while regarding the stern battlements,  
Which had so long, and so triumphantly  
Braved the assaults of their twin enemies,  
Despoiling forces and corroding years ;  
Alcæus thank'd his God, he lived in times,  
When government, religion, liberty—  
Owed not their safety to the feudal pile,  
Which, while it sometimes crush'd the tyrant's power,  
Often—far oftener crush'd the subject's rights.  
While musing thus, the wanderer stoop'd his eyes  
From the tall bulwarks of this mighty pile,  
To the green-sward that carpetted its base :  
When, lo, strange contrast ! an ingenious child,  
With broken cups and saucers, had built up  
A tiny cob-castle, whose crockery walls,  
Just rear'd, were exquisitely light and frail,  
As the old pile was ponderous and strong.  
Ah ! thought my friend, no doubt this mimic structure  
Will stand its time, and serve the trifling purpose  
For which the little architect contrived,  
And carried out the miniature design.  
Nor could he think, but that vague purpose might  
More harmless—yea, more laudable be held,  
Than that, which rear'd some thousand years ago,

The adjacent castle in its frowning strength.  
—Not that he would condemn, or lightly prize  
The heroes, and the patriots of those times,  
Who by these strong-holds, liberty maintain'd,  
And fought for independence from their walls ;  
*Then*, their perfection might have had his praise :  
But *now* he praised more gladly their decay.

Time—though to poet's glance, or angel's ken,  
Invisible: doth yet display on earth  
All that the human vision e'er beheld ;  
All that the eye of man, even now explores ;  
All that mortality shall ever see.  
—Yea Time, that wears the mouldering castle down ;  
Dilapidates the palaces of kings ;  
That sweeps from earth all human generations ;  
Whose touch, as silent as unseen, brings down  
From dignity to dust, the manliest form ;  
And with destructive rottenness pervades  
Alike the swashey plant and forest oak :  
Time—Time, in future, and far distant years,  
Shall bring such sights to our successor's eyes,  
As never met our own—sights which shall shew  
All prophecies of patriotism, and of hope,  
And of the word of God, at once fulfill'd.

The Christian, glorying in the Gospel's spread,  
Shall see his heart's desire at length complete,  
In the millennial reign. Old things shall fade,  
And all things for the saints shall new become,—

Even a new heaven, and a new earth, wherein  
Peace, joy, and righteousness alone shall dwell.  
Then all things shall be pure, and righteous all ;  
Then shall the moon's fair light be as the sun's,  
And the sun's orb with sevenfold lustre shine.  
And they that see it, shall rejoice, and shout,  
Yea, through a thousand years, that their blest eyes  
Behold the wonders of Messiah's reign.  
But ere the sun, and moon, and stars shall shine,  
Or man shall gaze, with infinite delight,  
On this high consummation, time shall bring  
New and unheard of changes o'er the world.

The lover of his country, and mankind,  
Shall see the thrones of tyranny cast down ;  
The sceptres of bold usurpation broken ;  
The brightest jewels in each regal crown,  
Shall be the virtues most approved by heaven,—  
Peace, justice, truth, the common love of all,—  
The king the father of his subjects,—they  
The obedient children of his blessed rule.  
All states, all lands, all empires shall partake  
The high prerogative of perfect laws.  
—Spain, wretched Spain, now prostrate and defiled,  
Trampled in superstition's lowest sink,  
Shall rise in beauty's renovated strength,  
And o'er the manly form and lofty mind,  
Feel freedom's generous influence extend ;  
Till the Castilian character shall stand

The bold and virtuous model of respect.  
The Lusitanian state, now sunk so low,  
The scorn and by-word of the world,—shall rise :  
And through her olive-yards and citron groves,  
Fit paradise for happiest man to trace,  
Shall man, then happy, where he now is curst,  
Walk in the freedom of his late-found rights.  
And other empires, cow'd and crush'd as low  
As vassalage can lie, shall lift their heads ;  
While through the world of intellect and truth,  
A mighty and regenerating spirit,  
Shall slowly and for aye create anew  
All institutions in the fear of God.

The meek philanthropist who, sick at soul,  
In these bad times, had willingly wept blood,  
Could that have wash'd away the daily sins  
That cross'd his generous path : yea, he shall then,  
In his successors, with Hope's tearless eye,  
Behold a far—far different sight reveal'd.  
—Domestic strife, that foul unsocial blot,  
Shall be exchanged for perfect happiness :  
Parents shall love their children as they ought,  
And children well repay parental love.  
Brother with brother ever then shall meet,  
Like Truth and Mercy, in a fond embrace ;  
Sister with sister lovingly shall haste,  
Like Righteousness and Peace, to kiss each other.  
Man shall no more defraud, nor slay his fellow ;

The deep, damp dungeon, occupied no more  
By the lank felon, shall the reptile hold :  
And that most horrid sight,—a child of God  
Hurl'd legally and violently down  
From the dread gallows to his Maker's presence,  
Shall ne'er again afflict his streaming eye.  
War, and war's dire auxiliaries,—famine, plague,  
And pestilence, and fire, shall in that time  
Be known but as in history's page enroll'd,  
The record of death's heralds that once *were*.

But most the Christian eye shall then behold  
Of beauty in the world,—of heaven come down  
To lead the hosts, and fix the tribes of earth ;  
To crown in every land, on every sea,  
The heralds of salvation ; to fulfil  
The wondrous prophecies of Holy Writ.  
Then shall the friend of God exclaim no more,  
“ O that my head was water, and mine eyes  
A fountain of hot tears, that I might weep  
Both day and night for God's own people slain !”  
—But then, with holy peace, the saints shall sit  
Beneath their vine or fig-tree's sacred shade,  
None daring, none desiring to molest.  
The eyes that then behold the sun, shall see  
Sights fairer than the light ; shall see mankind  
One vast, one pure, one universal church ;  
Not marshall'd under the false power of him  
Who sits enthroned amidst imperial Rome ;

Nor gather'd one great crowd to David's city ;  
But, scatter'd through all habitable space,  
From the earth's navel—this delightful isle—  
To the remotest boundaries of the globe.  
—Ere then the crescent which now gleams so high,  
The threatening symbol of Mahommed's rule,  
Shall set o'er Stamboul, whose proud minarets  
No more shall shelter the false prophet's race.  
Judea's sons, a mighty phalanx, then  
Like eagles drawn to where the carcase lies,  
Shall turn once more their faces to the East,  
And march triumphant to Jerusalem ;  
Where, on the holy mount of Zion, floats  
The standard of Immanuel. Then the cross  
Shall be erected in far-famed Cathay,  
That prison house of knowledge, where *a thought*  
There, rarely ventures to break out or in.

Here pause, my muse: to other bards belong  
Prophetic themes, exploring heaven and earth ;  
The present progress of the Gospel word ;  
The future glory of millenial years ;  
The end of time : the ingress, and the burst  
Of immortality on human eyes.

My task is done ; enraptured I have sung  
Some of the pleasures exquisite of sight :  
We part, kind reader, like two gentle friends,  
Who have together travell'd, talk'd, and gazed  
On all things that were pleasing in the path,

And I have voiced and index'd observation.  
Hence, with my closing strain, there comes a thought—  
Deep, awful, questioning—a thought from heaven,  
That, like a spirit, penetrates my soul.  
—This world, this lovely world, this world of life;  
This world, whose bosom caught us at our birth;  
On whose fond lap we all have moved and lived;  
Which shall receive our bodies “dust to dust”—  
This world is but a swift revolving point,  
On which through time, mortality, and space,  
Through the wide universe of stars and suns,  
We all are hastening to eternity—  
To heaven or hell—as we set out from earth;  
Then let us not, with earth's delights enchain,  
Firm, or for ever to terrestrial things,  
The immortal spirit made for higher aims.

I would not dare, for all its gems and gold,  
To bound my thoughts or prospects by this globe:  
No: rather than my song in beauty's praise;  
Or song transcendentally surpassing mine,  
Should tempt one soul to fix his choice below,  
And rest uninfluenced by celestial hopes;  
Perish each pleasure, or of sight or song,  
Be desolate the world, and dumb the bard!

There is a sight which every eye shall see—  
The dead, the living, the unborn shall see it;  
A spectacle unparalleled in time,  
Unprecedented in eternity—

A scene as far surpassing human thought,  
As human thought surpasses brutal instinct :  
That sight tremendous, awful, long foretold,  
—The second advent of the Son of God ;  
The resurrection of the human race,  
The great white throne ; the eternal book of fate ;  
The millions—millions—millions of mankind  
Arraign'd at once before Jehovah's presence,  
The final audit ; the last judgment day !

That day shall surely come : though this swift orb,  
Yet thrice ten thousand years, through nether space  
Maintain its revolutions : that tribunal  
Shall be erected ; and, before it, man  
Surely, as he exists, shall take its place.  
—Portentous signs the universe will fill,  
And, instantaneous, as the lightning's flash  
Reveals through midnight's gloom creation's face,  
So will the eye omniscient, through the soul  
Dart, and discover every latent thought—  
And every latent thought, or good or bad,  
Become conspicuous to the general gaze.

The righteous then, with everlasting joy,  
Shall lift their honour'd heads ; the wicked then,  
Shall blench to dæmons : then, O wondrous hour !  
The saints, new born to unimagined life,  
Spirits themselves, shall gaze on spiritual things,  
Such as to mortal vision ne'er appear'd,  
Nor yet communion held with human ear ;



Nor ever enter'd the vague heart of man,  
Even to conceive of those transcendant treasures,  
Laid up for such as love, and serve the Lord.  
Angels, archangels, thrones, dominions, powers,—  
All the celestial hierarchies which fill  
The regions of the blest, shall stand display'd  
In their high attributes : the great I AM,  
Shall with ineffable beauty clothe his saints,  
And pour, eternal, on their ravish'd eyes,  
Sights new, surprising, infinitely pure ;  
The effulgent glory, present through all heaven,  
Of God the Father in the Son reveal'd.

## NOTES.

*"The well-instructed eye,  
Draws bliss from visual beauty unalloyed."*—P. 7.

"THE sense of SIGHT is another inlet to pleasurable feeling; and it is certainly desirable to derive from it all the gratification it is capable of affording,—but he who is insensible to the beauties of the exterior world, knows but half the value of this important faculty. Loveliness of form, and the fascinating hues of colour, are lost upon a being so strangely constituted; and he uses his eyes for no better a purpose, than merely to guard his footsteps from harm, and prevent him from tumbling into a pitfall."—RHODES'S YORKSHIRE SCENERY.

*"Sheffield, for arts and industry renown'd."*—P. 9.

The author has no apology to offer for this and other allusions to the localities in the vicinity of his native place: with those who might doubt the propriety of such digressions, no apology would avail; to others, who, like the writer, and poets generally, especially if they have ever visited the neighbourhood of Sheffield, no apology will be necessary.

*"The beautiful iris spreads its various hues."*—P. 17.

"I think that the beauty of the eye consists, first, in its *clearness*: what *coloured* eye shall please most, depends a good deal on particular fancies; but none are pleased with an eye whose water (to use that term) is dull and muddy. We are pleased with the eye in this view, on the principle upon which we like diamonds, clear water, glass, and such like transparent substances: Secondly, the motion of the eye contributes to its beauty, by continually shifting its direction; but a slow and languid motion is more beautiful than a brisk one: the latter is more enlivening, the former more lovely. Thirdly, with regard to the union of the eye with the neighbouring parts, it is to hold the same rule that is given of other beautiful ones: it is not to make a strong deviation from the line of the neighbouring parts; not to verge into any exact geometrical figure."—BURKE ON THE SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL.

*"The delicate vein tints have traced ominous words."*—P. 17.

"On the 6th of August, (1828,)" a writer in the *Mirror* says:—"We paid a visit to the Bazaar in Oxford-street, to witness the extraordinary sport of nature about which the French and English newspapers have lately been so communicative. The child is an engaging little girl, about three years old. The colour of her eyes is pale blue, and on the iris or circle round their pupils, the inscriptions, on the left

eye, NAPOLEON EMPEREUR.—*Right eye*, EMPEREUR NAPOLEON, may be traced in the above sized letters, although all the letters are not equally visible; the commencement, 'NAP' and 'Emr' being the most distinct. The colour of the letters is almost white, and at first sight of the child, they look like rays, which make the eye appear vivacious and sparkling. The accuracy of the inscriptions is much assisted by the stillness of the eye, on its being directed upwards, as to an object on the ceiling of the room, &c.; and with this aid the several letters may be traced with the naked eye."

"*Immortal Jansen!*"—P. 18.

Cornelius Jansen, a Dutchman, who lived towards the beginning of the fifteenth century, is said to have invented spectacles. In connection with so material and extensive a benefit to his fellow creatures, his name deserves to be better known.

"*Galileo.*"—P. 19.

This eminent Florentine mathematician and astronomer, is generally acknowledged, as the first improver, if not the actual inventor of the telescope.

"*Luminous harmonicon.*"—P. 23.

According to Dr. Darwin, there is at least a mathematical—or perhaps, to speak more properly, a metaphysical relationship between painting and music. Sir Isaac Newton has observed, that the breadths of the seven primary colours in the sun's image refracted by a prism are proportionate to the seven musical notes of the gamut, or to the intervals of the eight sounds contained in an octave, that is in proportion to the following numbers:—

Sol.	La.	Fa.	Sol.	La.	Mi.	Fa.	Sol.
Red.	Orange.	Yellow.	Green.	Blue.	Indigo.	Violet.	
$\frac{1}{9}$	$\frac{1}{16}$	$\frac{1}{10}$	$\frac{1}{9}$	$\frac{1}{16}$	$\frac{1}{16}$	$\frac{1}{9}$	

Newton's Optics, Book I. part 2, prop. 3 and 6. Dr. Smith, in his Harmonics, has an explanatory note upon this happy discovery, as he terms it, of Newton. Sect. IV. art. 7.

From this curious coincidence, it has been proposed to produce a luminous music, consisting of successions or combinations of colours, analogous to a tune in respect to the proportions above-mentioned. This might be performed by a strong light, passing through coloured glasses, and falling on a defined part of the wall, with moveable blinds before them, which might communicate with the keys of a harpsicord; and thus produce, at the same time, visible and audible music in unison with each other. The execution of this idea has been attempted by Father Caffel and others, but without much success. See notes on the "*Botanic Garden*," where there are other remarks on *Ocular Spectra*.

"*To turn, and turn that well known tube.*"—P. 23.

The allusion in the poem is to that once familiar instrument called

the Kaleidoscope, one of those toys, the attraction of which will certainly be revived once in each generation.

————— “ *The crews  
Of vessels steering for the vast Pacific,  
With wondrous spectacles are entertain'd.* ”—P. 29.

The principal symptom of the feverish disorder called *calenture*, and incident to sailors in hot climates, consists in their imagining the sea to be green fields, &c. from which they have long been removed ; and hence, in attempting to walk abroad in these imaginary places of delight, they have frequently been lost. Some exceedingly curious exhibitions of these *lusus naturæ*, depending upon atmospherical phenomena, are frequently witnessed by the crews of ships sailing in high southern latitudes.

“ *The land hath visual allusions too.* ”—P. 30.

The *Flath Innis*, as it is called in the Erse language, or noble island, as the words mean ; as well as the *fata morgana*, both of which were the occasion of so many traditions among the ancient English, Erse, and Irish peasants, and sailors, owe their existence to phenomena similar to the last mentioned. A very curious exhibition of the *fata morgana* was witnessed near the town of Youghall, in the county of Cork, Ireland, in the year 1796, and a drawing of which was made on the spot by a young lady, one of the spectators. It was seen on the 21st of October, 1796, about four o'clock in the afternoon, the sun clear : it appeared on a hill on the county of Waterford side of the river, and seemed a walled town with a round tower, and a church with a spire ; the houses perfect, and the windows distinct. Behind the houses appeared the mast of a ship, and in the front a single tree, near which was a cow grazing : whilst the Waterford hills appeared distinctly behind. In the space of about half an hour the spire and round tower became covered with domes, and the octagonal building, or round tower, became a broken turret. Soon after this change, all the houses became ruins, and their fragments seemed scattered in the field near the walls ; in about half an hour it disappeared, and the hill on which it stood sunk to the level of the real field.

The following is a more recent instance of this exhibition, and took place nearer home :—“ About half-past four o'clock on Sunday morning, July 16, 1820, the sun was shining in a cloudless sky, and the light vapours arising from the Ouse were hovering over a little hill near St. Neots, when suddenly the village of Great Paxton, its farm-houses, barns, dispersed cottages, trees, and different grass-fields, were clearly and distinctly visible in a beautiful aerial picture, which extended from east to west, about 400 yards. Nothing could exceed the astonishment and admiration of the spectator, as he looked at this surprising phenomenon from a gentle declivity in an opposite direction, at the distance of half a mile, or his regret at its disappearance in about ten minutes.” These spectacles have frequently been seen on the

Hartz mountains in Hanover, and once or twice on Souter Fell in Cumberland.

*"Agrippa's curious glass."*—P. 40.

Henry Cornelius Agrippa, of Nettesheim, in Germany, a well-known writer on magical and astrological subjects, professed to be in possession of a mirror, in which he could exhibit to the spectator the countenance of any individual required to be seen by his visitors. Our poetical Earl of Surrey is said to have had an interview with this famous professor of the occult sciences, and to have been shown in the above-mentioned looking-glass the face of his mistress Geraldine.

*"Famed Jemsheed's cup."*—P. 40.

The celebrated cup called *Jami Jemsheed*, or the cup of Jemsheed, so often alluded to by the Persian poets, is traditionally reported in the East, to have been discovered by the workmen employed in digging the foundations of Persepolis, filled with the elixir of immortality! This marvellous vessel, which was broken when dug up, was likewise called, in Persian, *Jam jehau nima*, or the cup showing the universe, because all the transactions in the world were supposed to be represented within it.

*"Say what is beauty."*—P. 42.

Though no scientific analysis of the principles of beauty has been attempted; yet the philosophical reader will not need to be reminded that the principles recognized in the text, are identical with those laid down by Burke in his famous Essay.

*"The vale of Beauchief is a pleasant vale."*—P. 55.

The delightfully wooded vale of Beauchief, about four miles south from Sheffield, contains the tower, and another fragment (now used as a church) of an ancient premonstratensian monastery, founded here in the reign of Henry the First. The scenery of Smithy-wood, alluded to in the poem, has been noticed by the draughtsman Days.

*"Or catch the spirit of old Gerard's praise."*—P. 58.

Gerard the herbalist has a splendid passage in praise of the manifold beauties of the vegetable creation, in the dedication of his Herbal to Lord Burghley.

*"Worksop's minster-towers."*—P. 72.

Connected with Worksop priory, there is still extant an ancient rhyming chronicle, written by one of the monks, and containing materially, the facts upon which the description in the text is founded.

THE END.

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